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NOTES.

AT length there is a practical certainty of immediate peace between the United States and Spain. The American Secretary of State has published the fact that the two Powers "have agreed upon a protocol embodying the proposed terms of the negotiation of a treaty of peace, including the evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico." There are, no doubt, points still to be discussed, but at Washington every one is talking of the persons who are likely to be chosen as Commissioners to negotiate the complete treaty. The present Secretary of State will be one, Mr. Olney, the former Secretary of State, may be the second, and probably Justice Harland, of the Supreme Court, will be the third. The main fact is that in three months' war the United States have driven the Spanish out of the West Indies, and have thus gained all that they wanted, and more, for it is probable that they will either take one of the Philippine Islands, or at least reserve a coaling station in that quarter of the world. Now we are told that every good American expects "an immense autumn trade, a general revival of industry—swift prosperity." It seems from all this that it is better to be in harmony with the facts of the world than in discord and dispute with them.

We may expect to have an armistice proclaimed in a few days. And not too soon, if it puts a stop to such useless blood-shedding as is reported from the Philippines this week. On Sunday, 31 July, the Spanish garrison in Manila made a determined attack upon the American camp before Malati. The assault was delivered in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, and the Spaniards evidently hoped to surprise the Americans. They were successful to a certain extent, for the American pickets were driven in, and it was only when reinforcements arrived that the Spaniards were swept back from the trenches. It was hot work while it lasted, and there are indications in the brief telegrams to hand that it almost proved a disaster for the Americans. But for that steadiness of nerve which belongs to our race—the steadiness that scattered the grey-coated legions in the mists at Inkerman—the Spaniards would have pierced right through the American camp. As it was, they were mowed down by the steady volley firing of the American troops, driven from the positions they had gained, and in the end forced to fly back to their fort. Such a sortie was creditable to the Governor-General and the troops under his command, but we hope that it is the last display of fatuous valour in a useless war.

Every now and then things come out in the House of Commons in a way which leaves them unintelligible to the general reader. Mr. Robson, for instance, on Wednesday night made a statement which neither the

"Times" nor any other paper explains, and which is nevertheless full of interest. Mr. Robson is reported in the "Times" to have said: "For nearly a fortnight the dispatch in reference to Talién-wan was at the Foreign Office, all England waiting to know the contents, there being something approaching to a state of panic in the public mind. Then Ministers gave totally different accounts of the dispatch, indicating that it had not been the subject of a short conversation, which would have prevented them from making mistakes on different lines, if it did not secure them against being unanimously wrong in their interpretation." Now "what does this mean?" the general reader would ask, rubbing his eyes.

Mr. Robson simply meant that a story is going about in political circles in reference to this Talién-wan dispatch which we think should be widely known. The story is to this effect. Our Ambassador in China telegraphed, it appears, that if our Government guaranteed the loan to China, the Chinese Government would cede us Talién-wan, but our Ambassador added that no time must be lost or the negotiations would get out and Russia would spoil our chance. This so-called Talién-wan dispatch from our Ambassador was discussed in the Cabinet. Lord Salisbury it seems for once was in favour of doing what our Ambassador suggested and doing it without loss of time. Mr. Chamberlain too backed up the Prime Minister, but Sir Michael Hicks-Beach objected, "there was no such need of haste," he declared, "he would like to consider the dispatch." He took the dispatch away with him; went down into the country with it indeed, and so Russia got Talién-wan and our loan was refused, and Lord Salisbury had to go about blackening his own face by declaring that we had never wanted Talién-wan and so forth and so forth. We give the story for what it is worth, but we believe in its substantial truth, and a contradiction from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will have to be extremely explicit before we shall take the trouble even to consider it.

In another part of the paper we have handled at some length the fact that Mr. George Curzon is about to become Viceroy of India. It only remains for us here to state that he was the author of the marginal notes recently published in a Foreign Office minute. The marginal notes it will be remembered pointed out a grammatical obscurity in one of the sentences, and proceeded to denounce that obscurity in ungrammatical language. The dispatch was a most important one, but Mr. Curzon thought evidently more of its bad grammar than of its meaning. And now we are assisting at the grammarian's promotion. It is rumoured that Mr. George Wyndham will take Mr. Curzon's place as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Wyndham is an out-and-out Imperialist; but he is

perhaps too young and unimportant to supply Lord Salisbury with that courage and personal initiative which is so manifestly lacking at present in our foreign policy. Still it will be very amusing to hear Mr. Wyndham defending the alternate bluster and backing down which his soul detests. How will this admirer of Mr. Rhodes, the man of deeds, get on with Lord Salisbury, who believes in nothing but "words, words—mere words?"

We are glad to see that Sir Charles Dilke used the second reading of the Appropriation Bill to refer to "the unique opportunity which the present Government had had to carry out army reform, and their failure to take advantage of it. They had increased the cost of the army, but he feared that they had not increased either its numbers or its efficiency." Now this is the bare truth, as all men interested in the subject know. And if our aristocratic Government is unable for love of jobbery to give us a satisfactory army, why should we expect from it a satisfactory foreign policy when the question is one of trade, as it now is, in China? Lord Salisbury cares still less about trade than Lord Lansdowne cares about the army. Mr. Goschen has been the best head of the navy we have had for many a generation. What a pity it is that Mr. Chamberlain is not the head of the other great spending department. We firmly believe that Mr. Chamberlain could give us a better army than we now have at half the cost. When shall we begin to put round men in round holes?

The Parliamentary session is over at last, and nobody is sorry, for its latter days were not particularly creditable. Sir Charles Dilke said, on Wednesday, that the legislation of the Government had been good, whereas its administration had been a lamentable failure; and this witness is true, with the addition that during the last weeks the same weakness that had paralysed the administration of the Government showed signs of creeping into its legislation. Still the session remains the best the Government has yet had, and some of its achievements are likely to be memorable. The spectacle of Mr. Davitt, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor all uniting in praising Mr. Balfour is remarkable in itself, and in this case the praise is deserved, for Mr. Balfour clearly indicated in his speech on the estimates that he recognised the real cause of the recurrent famines in the West of Ireland, and would encourage the Congested Districts Board in its work of dealing with it in the most practical way, by enlarging the holdings of the peasants.

The other side of the Irish question is illustrated by the unanimous refusal of the Dublin Corporation, Parnellites, Dillonites, and Unionists to permit the erection of a statue to Mr. Gladstone in the Metropolis of Ireland. This has been the last drop in the cup of the English Home Rulers, and they are very loud in their talk about ingratitude and treachery, and so forth. And to the average Radical who knows nothing of Ireland it may seem strange enough that the same week should see such an affront put upon the dead Home Rule leader, while the living Unionist leader is covered with praise, but there is really nothing new or unexpected in it. Four Irishmen out of five remember Mr. Gladstone for two things: he took up Home Rule when he was hopelessly stranded for an election cry, and for a few years he advocated Home Rule as ardently as he had previously denounced it and imprisoned its advocates. Finally, at a critical moment, he listened to the howling of the Nonconformist conscience, and struck a fatal blow at once at Home Rule and at Mr. Parnell. In this he was, they believe, both timid and treacherous, while Mr. Balfour, an open enemy, has always kept his word to them. He has said, I will not give you Home Rule, and I will lock you up if you break the law; but, on the other hand, I will work for the material advancement of Ireland by every means in my power. In this latter direction he has done for the country what no other statesman of the century has done, and for that the Irish thank him.

Mr. Dillon appeared to have scored at the end of the Cyprus debate on Monday, when he pointed to an

apparently direct conflict of testimony as between the Foreign Secretary and the Colonial Secretary. Three years ago Lord Salisbury said we had gained rather than lost through the possession of Cyprus; now Mr. Chamberlain says it has cost us something like half a million sterling in grants-in-aid. The position, however, is we believe very simple, and both the ministerial utterances which serve to rouse Mr. Dillon's over-sensitive concern for truth are in accordance with the fact. Cyprus nominally pays to Turkey a tribute of some £90,000 per annum. In reality the tribute, or part of it, goes to discharge the interest on a Turkish loan guaranteed by France and Great Britain. Under that guarantee Great Britain is liable for £45,000 per annum, and if there were no Cyprus tribute she would probably have to pay that amount, because Turkey would be unable to meet her liabilities. By holding Cyprus we escape the £45,000, but to keep Cyprus solvent we have to advance £30,000. Therefore in Lord Salisbury's view we practically save some £15,000 a year. On the other hand Mr. Chamberlain, who does not take the saving under another head into consideration, is not far wrong when he says that the British Treasury has presented the goodly sum of half a million to the island. If, however, we cannot get rid of Cyprus, it would be better to give it decent Government at our own expense than to spend a large sum in relief of Turkey's creditors.

The House of Lords has given way, as everyone knew it would, and the conscientious objector to vaccination is to be allowed to explain to a magistrate, not merely that he does not want his child vaccinated, but that he conscientiously does not want it. What the difference may be we leave Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chaplin to explain as well as they can to themselves, merely remarking that it would have done infinitely more credit to their common sense if they had accepted the suggestion that the anti-vaccinator should be allowed to make a statutory declaration of his objection to vaccination. As for the Bill itself, as it leaves Parliament, it is an experiment. This Government is very fond of experiments, and it hopes that by abolishing compulsion more people will get themselves vaccinated than has hitherto been the case. It is quite possible that the experiment will succeed. In the meantime, however, the passing of the Bill is welcome in another way. It proves that the doctors are not yet quite omnipotent, and this is so much gained. They have so much influence already at our bedsides that they really ought not to invoke the aid of the law to make us accept any of their nostrums.

We have reason to congratulate our correspondent "J." on writing, and ourselves on printing, the letter on "Manx Dogberries," which has resulted in the liberation of Dixon, the farmer who was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, because some one alleged but could not prove that he had stolen a sheep worth five shillings. We also congratulate the Home Secretary on his prompt decision. Of course it did not require the same courage as to upset the verdicts gained by some of his good friends, the judges; but in view of the fact that day by day the scandal of these verdicts and the subsequent inhuman sentences is slowly dragging the law into disrepute, we trust that he may be bolder in the future than he has shown himself in the past. In a year or two, courage or cowardice in this matter may mean votes at elections. May we ask what punishment is to be administered to the gentlemen who sentenced Dixon, admitting that they had made up their minds before they heard the verdict of the jury? It seems to us that their offence was not far removed from conspiracy.

This week's black list of judicial scandals is a bad one, and materially strengthens the case for a court of revision to which judges shall be answerable. Mr. Justice Darling has now to be added to the list of those who fight for a conviction with as much energy as some advocates display in working for an acquittal. At Birmingham, after one jury had disagreed in the case of a girl charged with child-murder, he had her put forward for a second trial, and after haranguing the jury on the wickedness of exercising the sympathy that

would "turn them into cowards," he secured the desired result and sentenced the girl to be hanged. Of course the Home Secretary will reprieve the unlucky girl; but meantime we should like to point out to Mr. Justice Darling that he is beginning too soon. The appointment of an unknown barrister, never distinguished for intelligence or learning, but who had done some hack work for his party, was recognised as a judicial scandal at the time, and it is a shocking thing to see him with all his ignorance and inexperience posing as a budding Hawkins or Day.

Another case, on the South Wales circuit, is one in which political and class feeling seems responsible for a miscarriage of justice. David Morgan, a well-known labour leader and county alderman, was charged, along with three others, with intimidation in connexion with the South Wales coal strike. The summary of the evidence given in the "Times" of Wednesday read so clearly in favour of an acquittal that it is with a feeling of amazement that we found a verdict of guilty at the end. It was sworn that Morgan had organized a demonstration of strikers, the order of the day being that if any one of the procession attempted any violence or "behaved improperly" he should forfeit his strike pay. When near the pit premises some of the men groaned, whereupon they were promptly stopped by Morgan. There was no violence, no disorder and no threat of violence, yet the jury found all four men guilty, and they were sent to hard labour. The case seems simply inexplicable; it is another in which the Home Secretary should promptly interfere.

Another instance of judicial regard for the interest of parties. "The Duffryn Coal Company v. The Guardians of Pont-y-Pridd" came on for hearing early in the morning sitting of last Thursday—it was the case which involved the question of the legality of outdoor relief granted wholesale to the South Wales coal strikers. No sooner did Mr. Justice Romer hear what the point of the case was than he decided that it was too difficult to settle in what remained of term time, and promptly adjourned it until after the vacation, which practically means until November. It is quite conceivable that the intellectual effort of deciding the point in two days might be too great for this particular judge, but why not at least hear the arguments and take the whole vacation to think them over? But play is better than work and the country pleasanter than the courts.

Nations, like individuals, have their own particular and characteristic pastimes. The Englishman is usually contented with a cricket match, occasionally he rises to football and steeple-chasing; but cock-fighting and boxing have become things of the past. Germans, carefully spectacled and padded, play at duelling, and the highest flight of their heroic ambition is the loss of the tip of a nose. The French, as we know, are more solicitous of physical preservation, and are easily satisfied by the mere innocuous clash of steel. The Spaniard still baits bulls. But the palm for elegant and civilised recreation is easily carried off by the American citizen. For a brief interlude he has forced his unwelcome help upon the rascally Cuban, in spite of the latter's protestations. But now that the war with all its excitements seems ended, Uncle Sam is again turning his attention to the national sport known as lynch law. New York journals gravely refer to the respectable and orderly manner in which the lynching of four or five negroes was carried out on Tuesday at a town in Arkansas. The negroes, we may say, were merely "suspected" of being connected with a murder. We hope that the same praiseworthy discipline will be maintained in catching and punishing the self-constituted judges; but it is perhaps too much to expect of the authorities that they should interfere with the harmless amusements of their well-conducted population.

It is a common delusion that the London County Council is responsible for the condition of the streets of London. Consequently a great many bitter things are said about that body when, at the end of the season, street after street comes up, and the difficulty of getting

from one part of London to another becomes almost intolerable. As a matter of fact, the London County Council has no control whatever over the repairing of the streets. It is the Vestries and Boards of Works, and in the City the City Corporation, which perform this function with their usual blundering muddle-headedness. Queen Victoria Street, for instance, has now been "up" for some time, and it has been almost impossible to get into the City in a hansom, and this state of things seems likely to endure. Holborn has been almost impassable for months, and now the Strand is about to be repaired. As if to prepare us gradually for what we may expect next week, the Strand Board of Works has already for a week past blocked up the footpaths with huge masses of creosoted wood that make it positively dangerous to attempt crossing the street until you have spied out on the other side one of the narrow openings which have been left between the barricades. Why these blocks could not have been carted to the spot all together on the day before they were to be laid is one of those things only a vestryman knows. It is high time that the repairing of the streets was put in the hands of the Central authority, so that there might at least be some plan and some celerity in performing this troublesome but necessary function. As it is, the builders and contractors and their friends who mainly constitute the vestries have things far too much their own way.

The much-talked-of Antarctic Expedition has at last entered upon the first stage of its adventurous undertaking. Mr. Borchgrevink's principal object is to determine the exact position of the South Magnetic Pole. It is most important in the interests of the science of terrestrial magnetism that this should be done. Much of the discoveries in the north requires to be supplemented by the result of magnetic investigation in the Antarctic regions, and until that has been successfully accomplished the workers in this important branch of science have only incomplete data upon which to found their theories. The only expedition of any importance that has ever visited those southern regions was the one commanded by Ross. He collected a number of important facts in regard to terrestrial magnetism, and succeeded in pushing farther south than anybody else. The probability that a great continent lies beyond the ice barrier along which Ross sailed for 400 miles is admitted by all Antarctic authorities. But Mr. Borchgrevink has, apparently, other objects in view than that of attaining the highest southern latitude, and we wish him every success in his venture.

Within the last few days death has been busy among the lesser and greater notabilities of the vanished Second Empire. The Vicomte de Castex, a former Chamberlain of Napoleon III., and Charles Garnier, the architect of the Paris Opera-house, went to their long rest on Thursday of last week; and on Tuesday morning came the news of the demise of Madame Worth, the widow of the celebrated couturier whom she outlived but a couple of years. Unlike Madame Boucicaut, the wife of the proprietor of that vast establishment the Paris "Bon Marché," Madame Worth took no active share in her late husband's business; yet, according to his own confession she contributed much to the extraordinary success of it by her careful abstention from those petty jealousies so frequent among women whose husbands' avocations compel them to come into hourly contact with the fairest portion of humanity. Another of Madame Worth's admirable qualities was her unostentatious but never-failing charity to the helpless and indigent of Suresnes, where she resided for many months of the year. "The ever-changing fashion," says Chamfort, "is the tax levied by the industry of the poor on the vanity of the rich." That is the motto Mr. Worth could have adopted, for he was equally open-handed. The deceased gentlewoman knew, however, that that industry does not always suffice to keep the wolf from the door.

According to most competent judges, the Opera House on the Boulevard des Capucines is acoustically inferior to its predecessor in the Rue le Peletier. In spite of this defect—a serious one, no doubt, but not so

serious now as it was at the beginning—it is one of the remarkable architectural achievements of the age, and it is in connexion with it Charles Garnier's name will be handed to posterity. The fact of his being chosen to erect it argues that he was the fittest man to do it, for corrupt though the Second Empire was, the Third Napoleon rarely forgot his uncle's maxim, "La carrière ouverte aux talents," or, as Carlyle had it, "The tools to those that can use them." One feels quite certain that in this instance no favouritism was shown. Garnier won the grand prize for architectural design when he was but twenty-three. It enabled him to travel at the expense of the State for some years, during which he sent several remarkable studies to Paris. They did not avail him much, for, notwithstanding the notice and patronage of the Duc de Luynes, he lived for a long time after his return upon a bare pittance. In 1860 he was appointed City Architect for two arrondissements, and a twelvemonth later his chance came, not without a tremendous struggle. He was one of 171 competitors, out of which 121 were definitely rejected at the first examination. The competitors being finally reduced to five, Garnier carried the unanimous suffrages of the jury composed of thirteen members, one of whom was his former tutor, M. Lebas. It would be decidedly unfair to infer for a moment that the least of all those unsuccessful candidates was utterly devoid of talent. Newer Paris would emphatically disprove such an inference. Many of those who were defeated had already made good their names, many others did so afterwards. And Garnier unquestionably stood at the head of all.

Dr. Welldon's appointment to the bishopric of Calcutta has been received with some surprise. It seems to have been thought that the Head Master of Harrow had earned an English see. We cannot imagine upon what ground this anticipation rested. Dr. Welldon has not done any exceptional service to the Church of which we are aware; he is still a young man; and the headship of Harrow is the richest prize in the scholastic profession. Moreover, the Metropolitan See of India is no ordinary office, and has been held by men above the average.

Mr. Leycester Lyne, otherwise "Father Ignatius," has created yet another ecclesiastical sensation by the announcement that he has accepted priest's orders, not from the Bishop of Llandaff, to whom he is presumably subject, but from a nomad "Archbishop Mar Timotheos, belonging to the Patriarchate of Antioch." This imposing title appears to adorn the personality of one Dr. Vilatte, primate of a somewhat microscopic Old Catholic community in America, who has passed through some curiously varied phases of ecclesiastical life and obedience. We need not say that it is contrary to all Church rule for a bishop thus to intrude upon the jurisdiction of another bishop; had Dr. Vilatte and Mr. Lyne lived in the early centuries of Christendom, they would have probably been deposed from the ministry altogether. Possibly some blame may attach to the English Episcopate for refusing to give Mr. Lyne the presbyterate: he has been a deacon thirty-eight years. But eccentricity, or originality for that matter, has always been the *bête noire* of sedate and respectable Anglicanism.

The results of the general election just fought in New South Wales are likely to prove only less important to the future of Australia than those in Cape Colony will prove to the future of South Africa. Mr. G. H. Reid has scored a victory which is indistinguishable from defeat, and those who share the view taken in these columns of his attitude towards Australian Federation, will rejoice to discover that the electors of New South Wales appreciate him at his worth. It is never, perhaps, quite safe to trust the cable, but so far as appears from the reports which have come to hand, his majority has been reduced to one, and several of his late colleagues are out in the cold. The pity is that Mr. Reid has not been hopelessly defeated. Australian correspondence to hand this week shows how little reason New South Wales has to trust him. But he is a gentleman with a command of plausible rhetoric, and he has managed to give an explanation of his pendulum-like views concerning Feder-

ation which deceives a good many people. But for his hostile friendliness towards the movement, the success of which the best men in Australia regard as essential to the security and prosperity of that part of the Empire, Australian Federation would, at the recent plébiscite, have been definitely carried. As it is, its fate is still on the knees of the gods.

The educational world loses, in the person of Walter Wren, something more than a successful pedagogue. Of his successes it suffices perhaps to say that even for a man in perfect health they would have been remarkable; for a constitutional cripple they were superb. Dogged determination was not perhaps the keynote of the man's eminence. More must be attributed to a very fine instinct for "pricing" his men at first sight, and to his sporting endeavours to get good men through at all costs. It is not, for instance, generally known that combined generosity and zeal to score a possible success prompted him many a time to offer promising candidates of slender means the extra year's coaching necessary for their second endeavour on the basis of "no post, no fees."

By those who know no better, Wren was always associated with the most exaggerated form of cramming. This was stupid, for "thorough" was his watchword. Athletics, it is true, were neglected to an extent that would delight even Mr. Bryce; but if work came first—and last—there was no suspicion of cram. The oracle of Powis Square had a striking personality not easily forgotten. Many now retired from public life, more who still hold lucrative posts, and a greater band than either who strove for the plums in vain retain an agreeable recollection of his forcible directness of speech, with its underlying generosity, and are yet grateful for all that he and his did for them. Cramming may mean anything or nothing; but many who went through his hands find, ten years later, that the knowledge then acquired still remains.

What is to be done with Sir Henry Irving? Even to remark that his voice and articulation are not all that they might be is now held to be libellous, and is visited with the usual truculent letter from Sir George Lewis. Some time ago a review or annual of some sort pointed out that Sir Henry was inaudible to a portion of his audience. As he declined to withdraw this statement, the editor has been put to the trouble and expense of defending the earlier stages of an action for libel. We learn this week that, on seeing that their man showed fight, the two belted knights have discontinued the action. We really think that they will in the future have to put their heads together and draw up a list of the things it is permissible to say about the Lyceum and its manager. Critics will then know where they are, and one day—who knows?—Mr. Stoker may even be good enough to supply them with their criticisms ready written along with the tickets.

The death of Professor Georg Ebers on Sunday last has removed an interesting personality from the German world of letters. His works, on which we published a critical essay in our issue of 30 July, were characterised even more strongly by their elements of melodrama than by the profoundness of Dr. Ebers' archaeological research. This was largely due to the stormy period of political convulsion through which Prussia was passing in the early days of his youth; and no doubt the horrors of the Berlin Revolution made a deep impression on the mind of the ten-year-old boy. In addition to these painful reminiscences of his childhood Ebers was depressed by an incurable spinal complaint, which half crippled him. He was obliged, in consequence of his delicate health, to give up all idea of the legal career for which he was intended; and he was thus led by a fortuitous circumstance to devote himself to the *Ægyptological* studies which have made his name as a writer. It was to the famous brothers Grimm, the compilers of the delightful volume of fairy stories which bears their name, that Ebers owed the direction of his first archaeological studies; and through their instrumentality he was introduced to the celebrated Professor Lepsius, whose pupil he became, and to whose encouragement and advice he owed so much of his later success.

EXIT MR. GEORGE CURZON.

MR. GEORGE CURZON is a very lucky man. The country is tired of the Foreign Policy of the Government in regard to China. Bluster-and-run-away has wearied the strongest of Lord Salisbury's supporters. For weeks past the whole of the Conservative press, from the "Times" downward, has been spurring the Government to action, and we have now reached a point when Lord Salisbury must be prepared to act energetically or undergo a defeat in the House of Commons. There can be no doubt of the fact that on Wednesday night the Government was more bitterly attacked by Conservative members than by Liberals, and it is evident that in a short time the hand of the Government will be forced, and Lord Salisbury will have to make a right-about-face in Foreign Policy. At this moment Mr. George Curzon, who has advocated Lord Salisbury's policy in the House of Commons, throws up his great position in the under House and accepts the Viceroyalty of India. Has he gone upstairs voluntarily, or has he been kicked up?

His friends, of course, are already busy in society and the press telling whoever will listen that Mr. George Curzon has always been an "Imperialist"—"since his Oxford days indeed;" that he has always detested Lord Salisbury's policy of bullying-and-backing-down, and that in fact his position has gradually become intolerable to him on account of Lord Salisbury's weakness. Now we have good authority for stating that there is not one word of truth in this "apologia." Mr. Curzon is just as responsible for the shilly-shallying in the East as Lord Salisbury himself. From the very beginning he has shown himself to have the very poorest judgment in all matters relating to China. On the outbreak of war between China and Japan he told us that he knew all about China, "that he had been there," and that we might rely on the Chinese beating the Japanese. This was purely gratuitous; no one asked him to play prophet in regard to the contest. But it shows us that his judgment is worth considerably less than nothing. Now judgment—the sovereign of all the intellectual faculties—is not so immediately valuable in the House of Commons as the faculty of glib speech, and this faculty of speech Mr. Curzon certainly does possess, and with it has made a certain reputation in the House of Commons. Not "a great and deserved reputation," as Mr. Balfour in his kindly courteous farewell said, but still a certain reputation as a debater and a speaker. Why then did Mr. George Curzon leave the field eminently suited to his abilities for a field which even personal conceit cannot consider so well suited to him? The stupidity of the step strengthens the contention of his friends which we have already disposed of: Mr. George Curzon is not leaving the House of Commons because he finds it impossible to support Lord Salisbury's policy, for that policy or want of policy was as much his own as it was his chief's, but simply because he has sense enough to see that the policy has turned out very badly, and he therefore wishes to avoid the odium of a discredited régime.

At first blush the acceptance of the Viceroyalty seemed to show adroitness on the part of Mr. George Curzon, as the offer of the place seemed a part of his proverbial good fortune. But on second thoughts it looks to us as if the smart young man had blundered irretrievably. He has left the House of Commons to which he is more or less suited to play the part of monarch in India, for which he is eminently unsuited. His powers will not show to advantage in his new position, and the position itself must be as a sort of forcing bed to his faults. Even his friends admit that he is a little arrogant and cocksure. What will his arrogance and cocksureness be like after playing monarch of all he surveys in India for five years? It is possible, if not indeed probable, that his restlessness and conceit will bring us into trouble in India. He may stir up a row on the frontier or a rebellion within our borders. It is more likely, however, that he will be gradually overruled by stronger men on his Council and elsewhere, and content himself with making long speeches to which nobody will pay much attention.

"But," we may be asked, "is it not possible that

after his five years in India, Mr. G. Curzon may return to the House of Commons and to political life in England?" We hardly think it possible. He is at his best as a parliamentary debater, and when one has allowed oneself to get out of training in this particular form of tongue-athletics it is difficult to get back to one's best again. Above all, Mr. George Curzon's qualities are not wearing qualities. A new House of Commons would be terribly impatient of his glib cocksureness, and would show him contempt as soon as they saw that he knows more of words than realities. It is very hard without examples to explain just what we mean here; perhaps, therefore, our readers will forgive us if we argue by instances. Sir Edward Grey could leave the House of Commons and could come back to it after five or even ten years, and regain his present position by a single speech. He is not a partisan; he uses words scrupulously; he has the weight inseparable from calm judgment. Mr. Curzon is a more facile debater; has a better presence, too, but the incurable fault of intellectual mediocrity pursues him; he is always taking words for things. If he were well advised he would take this Viceroyalty seriously. He is made for show rather than for use. With a little trouble he could become a first-rate ornament to our diplomatic service. At any rate, we hope we may congratulate ourselves upon the certainty that he will do less harm abroad than he might have done at home, and so we bow to him as he leaves the stage: exit Mr. G. Curzon.

THE "OPEN DOOR" FICTION.

UNDER ordinary circumstances one might have hoped that Mr. George Curzon's promotion or translation to another sphere of influence would have betokened a change in the Foreign Policy of the Government in China and the East. Mr. Balfour's speech of Wednesday night teaches us the vanity of such a hope even before it was distinctly formed. Of course we knew that Mr. Balfour would defend the Government loyally; he had to make the best case for Lord Salisbury and Mr. Curzon that he could; he had, in fact, to play perfect squire to his uncle's knight. But Mr. Balfour did something more than this; in all he said there was no hint of disagreement with Lord Salisbury; from beginning to end his speech was a defence and apparently sincere defence of that disastrous Foreign Policy which has brought its author into European contempt. Mr. Balfour quibbled just as Mr. Curzon would have quibbled; he was even as cocksure as Mr. Curzon in words though not in manner. He had the audacity to say that "nothing is occurring in China inimical to our commercial development." But Sir Thomas Sutherland knows perhaps more of Chinese commerce than any one in the Ministry or than the whole Cabinet put together; he is, besides, a stalwart supporter of the present Government, and yet he "attributed the recent great progress of Russian diplomacy in China to the fact that this country had been very much behind the age, and had not been able to discern the signs of the times sufficiently early." This simply means that, in Sir Thomas Sutherland's opinion, our diplomacy in the East has been outwitted, and that our commercial position in China has been injured. Then Mr. Balfour went on to talk the poisonous nonsense that Mr. Curzon and Lord Salisbury so much delight in. "It is far better for us," he said, "to have our secondary naval base at Wei-hai-Wei than to have it at Port Arthur," which simply shows that he knows nothing of either port, for Port Arthur can be rendered almost impregnable, and no one in his senses will ever attempt to fortify Wei-hai-Wei.

Once, and once only, there was a gleam of reason in Mr. Balfour's speech. The Government, he said, "are not responsible for the fact that as Russia borders China by land for three thousands of miles she had military power closer to Peking than any other nation." Now, though this argument can only be used as a counsel of despair and surrender, we prefer it to dishonest nonsense. For it can be met and answered, whereas the nonsense is not worthy of manufacture, much less of refutation. Russia is nearer to Peking than we are, but British Burma is nearer to the head waters of the Yangtse-Kiang than is Russia, and if we seized four ports on the Yangtse our sailors would probably

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be able to defend them against any force which Russia might be able to bring against them either now or in the future. And if we spent on a Burmese railway which would tap the Yangtse a twentieth part of the sum that Russia is spending and going to spend on her trans-Asian railway, we should have a stream of commerce flowing into the Yangtse valley fifty times as great as the commerce that Russia will be able to develop in frozen Manchuria. To this Mr. Curzon would reply, "Clear your mind, clear your mind, please; you are now advocating the 'sphere of influence' policy, and not the 'open door' policy." And Mr. Balfour goes one better than Mr. Curzon. "I do not," he said, "discuss the policy of spheres of influence further because I do not think that anybody in this House has ever maintained that we ought to desire it or to aim at it in the present position of affairs." And then Mr. Balfour went on to argue in favour of the policy of "the open door," which he declared was still successful and practically held the field. But he knows—he must know—that the policy of the "open door" has never been more than a phrase; a senile excuse for doing nothing, and that it is laughed at in every European Chancery and in every newspaper office from one end of Europe to the other. The "open door" is the old British doctrine of free trade which even our Colonies will not accept. It is a mere phrase, we repeat, that has no validity; it is the excuse by which Lord Salisbury manages to avoid energetic action. As Sir Charles Dilke and Sir William Harcourt proved, Germany has put forward claims for the construction of railways within the province of Shantung, which are avowedly preferential claims and which in fact are exclusive claims. Manchuria is no longer open to British commerce as it was; Port Arthur and Talienshan are not, and are not intended to become, free commercial ports. The point of the whole matter is that this policy of the "open door" is a mere British fiction, and that the policy of "spheres of influence" already holds the field. The Russians have Manchuria; the Germans have Shantung and the French will seize a couple of the provinces that border on their possessions. Nothing remains for us but to take the lion's share of the spoil by declaring that the whole valley of the Yangtse Kiang is within our sphere of influence, and that if any nation wants a railway the work and supplies connected with that railway must, to adopt the words of the German Foreign Office minute, "be first offered to English industry and to English trade." To that policy Lord Salisbury will have to come. He has already delayed too long for his own reputation. If he delays much longer he will see that a majority of even one hundred and fifty can melt away very quickly in a modern Parliament.

It looks indeed as if facts were arranging themselves to overthrow as quickly as possible every contention of the present Government. Scarcely has Mr. Balfour on Wednesday evening finished praising the "open door," when on Thursday morning we find by a telegram from the "Times" correspondent in Peking that all "the Russian demands are conceded." "With regard to the contract for the Niu-chwang Railway Loan the line must not be mortgaged as security and no foreign control must be permitted even in case of default." Further, there is a separate agreement connected with the Peking-Hankau Railway contract which appoints "as arbitrator in any question in dispute the Minister in Peking of that country which has the largest financial interest in it." The Chinese recognise, we are further told, "that this provision gives the Russian Minister absolute power in all disputes." The "Times" correspondent adds "that Her Majesty's Government might at least endeavour to delay the ratification of the contract until the objectionable clauses are revised." But why should we perpetuate this silly dispute with Russia in which we get nothing but rebuffs? Russia has taken what she wants of China. Let us take what we want, and leave Russia to quarrel with Germany on her progress southwards, if southwards she cares to come.

THE PERSIAN LOAN.

THE news which reaches us from Teheran contains many suggestions of disquiet and anxiety, and we are glad to believe that the Foreign Office is devoting

to Persian politics the close and sympathetic attention which has been so absent from its Chinese policy. For although the commercial interests of England in the dominions of our ancient ally the Shah have never been and can never be so vast and complicated as in the Chinese Empire, yet they are still considerable and would rapidly develop under a reasonably honest and energetic administration. But the conflict of influence between England and Russia which is so acute at Peking is not less felt at Teheran, and it will require all the resolution of our representative there to maintain for British commerce its legitimate claims. Not that it is desirable to exaggerate either the hostility or influence of Russia. For many years past there has been little cause for complaint of the action of Russian Ministers in Persia. Their antagonism to England has been little more than the eagerness of commercial rivals to secure advantages for themselves; and the relations between the British and Russian Legations have been friendly. If the proposed Persian Loan has been temporarily withdrawn owing to competitive Russian offers, or Russian protests, this only proves the necessity for the English Foreign Office to take care that the Persian Government is allowed full liberty of choice as to the country from which it may ask the financial assistance which it undoubtedly requires and for which it has ample security to offer.

Although the Foreign Office has, so far, given its best assistance to the Imperial Bank of Persia in the matter of the loan, and has shown a thorough appreciation of the importance of the question, it is strange that the facts of the case should have been so misrepresented in the House of Commons by the Under-Secretary, who, in answer to a question as to whether the loan had fallen through owing to representations made by or on behalf of the Russian Government, stated that the reasons why the recent negotiations for a loan between the Persian Government and the Imperial Bank of Persia had fallen through were, first, the fact that a larger sum had been asked than the Bank was prepared to find, second, a change of Government in Persia, and third, a strong opposition to anything in the shape of a control of the customs revenues as security for a loan; nor had her Majesty's Government received any information that any threats had been used to the Persian Government by Russia as to call for a promise of support from England.

Every one of these statements is open to dispute. The loan was for a million and a quarter. It was all the Persian Government wanted or asked; the whole sum was under-written in London, and the so-called fact that the loan fell through owing to a larger sum having been asked than the Bank was prepared to find has no existence, except in Mr. Curzon's imagination. Nor has the loan definitely fallen through, as no refusal has been received from the Persian Government, which is absent from Teheran in camp, and it is probable that negotiations will be resumed in October. As to the opposition to the grant of control of the customs of the Gulf Ports, there is no doubt that the return of the Amin-i-Sultán, the old Minister, to Teheran has intensified this feeling, but it is founded on interested motives, and that it has no serious basis is found in the fact that at the present moment the Customs duties of the principal port, Bushire, and the chief frontier station, Kermanshah, are administered and controlled by the Bank of Persia in security for advances made to the Shah. With regard to the action of Russia, which we do not desire to press too strongly, Mr. Curzon must be aware that Russia protested against the control of the Southern ports being placed in English hands, and offered herself to give the required loan without insisting on control, except in default of payment of interest, which, without European supervision, would be certain to occur. These are what Mr. Curzon would call the facts of the case, and he may be able to reconcile them with his statement to the House, which we are unable to do. There is no doubt that the Persian Government desire to place their financial affairs in the hands of England, which they trust rather than in those of Russia, whose motives they distrust. They are well aware that England has no sinister ambitions in Persia, and only desires to see her prosperous and to develop her industrial and agricultural capabilities.

Russia has no right or title to complain if we take as security for financial assistance the only security which would reasonably satisfy English investors; in the same way as England would have no legitimate title to object if the Russians required the control of the Customs of Caspian ports as security for a Russian loan. If our Government shows the same goodwill and determination in Persia as it has lately done, there is no reason to fear that British commerce will there receive any serious check.

WORDS FOR PICTURES.—IV.

"MUSIDORA BATHING HER FEET," A PAINTING BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH.

IT is ordained that he who enters in at Art's sacred temple near the lions and fountains must leave behind him, as a Western equivalent for slippers, his umbrella. And what is an Englishman without his umbrella? Take it from him, and you rob him of the staff he leans on through Life's pilgrimage. It is the Excalibur he brandishes in all battles—disarm him of it, and he is your prisoner. It is his crozier, sceptre, fairy-wand. It is the very plinth and emblem of all his majesty, and his soul is in its folds. Beer and the Bible, according to his neighbours, are the explanation of him; but we who know him well know well that he depends on neither of these wholesome stimulants. It is the umbrella which has made Englishmen what they are, and its material is the stuff of which Englishmen are made. Now, strong in these Englishmen is their aversion from fine art—their indignation at the sight of it. Send them umbrelliferous into a gallery of fine pictures, and the place would be wrecked in less than no time. I do not so much mean that they would, in their wrath, scrape and perforate the canvases with the ferules of their umbrellas—though that is probably how they would proceed—as that the very tenure of their umbrellas would make them bold to express themselves with that practicalness for which they are so famous. And so I think that it is a wise ordinance which makes the Englishman here surrender his umbrella for a disc of metal. It saves, not only the pictures from laceration, but also the gallery from being over-crowded. Many Englishmen flatly refuse to go whither their umbrellas may not go. Few can bear to be parted from them for more than a quarter of an hour, or at most twenty minutes. Their arms hang limply, their fingers soon begin to twitch convulsively for the familiar handle, and the longing to redeem their pledge draws them back irresistibly to the turnstiles, out into the Square. True! the average man, as he wanders by the pictures, can caress the disc in his waistcoat pocket, somewhat lulling himself with the knowledge that it is a hostage for his umbrella; but the harsh fact remains that it is *not* an umbrella, and he is ill at ease. He is but a humbled, dispirited, almost denationalised creature, a shell or shadow of his true self. He has no capacity for protest; he is susceptible to any influence. Even to the influence of Beauty must he succumb here. Figure to yourself how, given his umbrella, he would rage at the sight of that picture which confronts him at the very outset, that faint and lovely picture, Gainsborough's "Musidora"! What, I have sometimes wondered, is the oval of that one gilt frame that it should bound so much incomparable beauty? Surely there is nothing in the whole world to match that nude figure, fair and slim as a narcissus, so listless in the dense shadow of the trees, yet so alert with health in every curve of it. "She has been yonder, running in the hot light of the noon," one guesses. "She is too young to be tired with her exertions; but now that she finds herself in the shade here, sitting with one foot in the cold, clear, dark water of a brook, she has surrendered herself, insensibly, to the still magic of this place and moment." Yes! One of her feet is among the rushes in the running water; the other is crossed upon her knee, and she, drooping forward with eyes downcast, slowly unbinds the sandal from it. A strand of her red-gold hair has slipped its tie and lies over her shoulder. Her waist and arms are caught in a film of drapery. There is no expression, save that of flawless beauty, in her profile. Musidora? That tawdry figurine in

Thomson's confectionery? Likelier, this is some great lady of the day of Gainsborough, some reigning beauty of St. James's, who is but foolishly pretending to be Musidora. Surely, some delicate patrician, whose profile, seen for a passing moment at the window of her emblazoned and many-lacquered coach, may have often thrilled our great-grandfathers in the Mall, even as here it thrills us. Those ladies who, for their own whim or their painter's, pretended to be some one else, always betrayed themselves. Think of Lady Spencer as "Queen of the Harem" in Léotard's pastel: despite the veil and the ottoman, is she not an English gentlewoman to her finger-tips, which she has so conscientiously stained with saffron? And the Duchess of Queensberry, though she had grey eyes—what could be less like Minerva than she according to Sir Joshua? Equally weak at impersonation were all the other great ladies, except Lady Hamilton who, poor soul! was actress by nature and great lady in name only. Indeed, they could not impersonate at all—they merely dressed up. And dressing-up was a charming foible. I wish it were still in vogue. But stay! Dressing-up is one thing: undressing-up is another. Nor can one suppose that these great ladies ever undressed-up as any one but themselves. My theory of this picture, then, must be wrong. I wonder now that I could ever have imagined this figure to be artificially posed. Its freedom and listless grace could belong only to some archaic darling of the woods and the hills and the rushing waters. Musidora? No, not Musidora!—would that misnomer had not saved that pseudo-classic minx from the oblivion she deserved!... Diana? Yes, I believe this figure to be Diana herself, resting from the chase, and this green sanctuary of hers to be somewhere at the foot of Erymanthus. I must not stay, lest she turn her head suddenly and see me, another Actæon, spying on her. You know what became of Actæon! I must move away quickly. Were I to reappear at the turnstile with a pair of antlers to my brow, they might refuse to give me back my umbrella. And to me, who am a free-born Englishman (more or less), that seems too terrible a contingency!

"CRICKET," A COLOURED WOOD-ENGRAVING, BY WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

Drab is the colour of our climate, and this English picture is duly washed all over with it. There is a patch of blue, shaped like a bolster, in the drab sky, but even that is partially eclipsed by two protuberant monsters in flannel, and was but foisted there by the artist, one suspects, as a jolly counter-tone to the red cheeks of the batsman, and as a background to the wicket-keeper's big top-hat. Observe the batsman! "Slagger" is legible in every bulging curve of him, and the fielders have been scattered beyond the sides of this wood-block—doubtless, to the uttermost corners of the pitch. See how firmly, yet freely, he grips the willow in his fat hands, how ogreishly he smiles between his whiskers at the doomed ball which must even now be flying towards him! The wicket-keeper, humped down on outspread legs, is more like an arch of drab masonry culminating in a big top-hat. Why does the wicket-keeper wear a top-hat? The conundrum is simple: the artist was anxious to give his theme the full flavour of its antiquity. Yet he knows well that Cricket is none the less impressive for that it has cast its top-hat. Even so has Tragedy cast its mask and buskin, without loss of dignity. But symbols are permanent, not to be violated. No one of our time, seeking to symbolise Tragedy, would omit the mask and buskin. Likewise, Mr. Nicholson, seeking to symbolise Cricket, was bound to include the hat which Mynn and Pilch wore. Yes! this picture was meant symbolically. Just to the left of the wicket-keeper, there is an elm-tree, quite tiny and yet quite near. It was evidently placed there as a scale to the size of the two cricketers. By comparison with it, we realise that the very wickets are three columns, tall as Nelson's own, and that the two men who tower over them are, indeed, giants of more than Brobdingnagian height and bulk. Now, too, we notice that the line of the landscape curves down slightly at either end—a segment of the terrestrial globe! We are apt to forget

how great a place in the world's economy is filled by this strange pastime, and to those who dislike the evening-papers I would commend this picture as a reminder.

MAX BEERBOHM.

LEAD-POISONING: A DAY IN THE POTTERIES.

I HAD, perhaps, better confess at once that when I set out one morning lately, as one of a "lead-poisoning party," to view some of the potteries round Stoke, I was at heart more or less rebelliously inclined. I do not refer to rebellion at leaving a place, which in the bright weather of that morning was Elysium (it is in any weather the abode of the blessed), although to leave its glories to spend the day in the dull air of a knot of forlorn and ugly little towns might well have provoked inward opposition, had I not been sincerely desirous of seeing with my own eyes something of the conditions of labour in the potteries. Mine was a less venial sin—even rebellion against the lead-poisoning crusade—a confession I was too wise or wicked to make at the time, which I make now partly for conscience sake, partly because it has a bearing on the argument.

Seeing is believing, so we went to see some victims of lead-poisoning, amongst whom one was absolutely blind, another nearly blind; a third appeared to be palsied. There is, it must be admitted, something repellent in the exhibition of these poor people, as though they were a kind of raree show—not that they at all object themselves. But there is a cogency, irrational, it is true, in the evidence of the senses which stimulates an ordinary mortal to action, as nothing else does. For that reason I think one is justified in viewing such cases. The unbeliever would say that, after all, they are few—few comparatively—that every trade, as every sport, has its risks. I quite admit that the workpeople, including those engaged in the dangerous processes, did not strike me as particularly unhealthy-looking, nor did they appear unhappy or spiritless; they compared favourably with those I am accustomed to in East London. But is that the question? If it is proved that a certain process may ruin the health of some of those engaged in it, even if only one per cent., which, with certain precautions, can be rendered far less harmful, and still attain its end, surely the case for taking these precautions is made out. It seems to me that the number affected does not even go to the argument. And if precautions are to be observed, the most incredulous critic will agree that they should be observed strictly. Are they? There is no more important precaution than washing; those engaged in "dipping" and other dangerous processes have to wash their hands and faces on leaving the works. The employers have to provide accommodation. In most of the potteries we went over their idea of suitable provision consisted of one wretched little basin, the water having to be fetched, and one, possibly two, and possibly no towels. Through all the factories we saw there would certainly not average more than one basin to six persons. In this there is more than appears, for the washing, to be effective, has to be thorough, the nails should be carefully brushed. There cannot be much good in washing in water charged with lead, and in using towels so dirty that, on shaking them, a cloud of white dust, as I found to my discomfiture, containing lead, flies out and fills the air. There are exceptions, it is true, as in the Waterloo Works, where the washing arrangements are good—but they are also very new, having been put in within the last few weeks. Something must certainly be done to make the rule as to washing a reality. Then as to exhaust-fans, a useful preventive of danger, we found most, I think all, the employers praised them, but usually had none. There was one at Longton, working admirably; but another, a very large one, for which the manager naturally claimed great credit, seemed to me not to work at all, judging, at least, by the manager's own test. With unhappy confidence, he struck a match to show the force of the draught, but it burnt with a steadiness that would be delightful if one were lighting a cigarette out of doors. But what are you to do? This fan had been passed as effective by the district inspector! What we want is a woman inspector whose duties shall be confined to the Potteries. In

the same factory the manager informed me with emphasis that, in a certain room, every worker was strictly required to wear a special respirator, but I noticed three under our eyes without respirators, and they seemed as little apprehensive of their master's anger as he seemed cognisant of offence in them.

I am afraid the masters are minimisers. The "hands" are careless, of course, but that is quite an inadmissible plea. At the same time the employers are not monsters; it is simply silly to represent them as such. You have only to be with them and let them talk when you can see at once that they are not bad fellows, but have learnt too well the doctrine of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. Labour is to them a commodity—a quite indefensible view in my judgment, but one on which the great majority of us act on most occasions of daily life. Indeed, the very commonness, I fear it must be said naturalness, of this view makes its correction the more urgent.

Nothing pleased me so much during the whole day as the specimens of pottery glazed without lead shown to us at Minton's. Two plates, one glazed with lead and one without, were put together, and I could see no difference. There were other cases where I could see a difference, favourable to lead. But there seems to be no doubt that a leadless glaze will be produced that will serve for nearly all purposes as well as lead glaze. I asked the chemist of the works why a good leadless glaze had not been seriously aimed at till now. "Nobody," he said, perceiving no recoil in his words, "troubled themselves about it until there was all this talk about lead-poisoning." The leadless glaze will probably be the cheaper of the two, we were told; so the way to its adoption seems clear. Once the use of leadless glaze is established, the Home Office can hardly hesitate to prohibit lead, where the same result can be obtained without it. In the meantime, progress in the supersession of lead might be induced by exempting the users of leadless glaze from observance of rules now in force, as was suggested by an accomplished expert in our party. The saddest feature, on the other hand, of the whole, to my mind, was the failure of the employers to do anything for those whose lives have been wrecked in their service. The fewness of such cases—if they are few—only shows the manufacturers in a worse light. It is the old economic view again. I do not say, however, that no employers take a more generous course. One of Mr. Woodall's "young persons," for instance, (a numerous contingent) lost her sight at an early age—now some time ago—and by way of "compassionate allowance" has since received from her master £1 4s. 6d. in instalments.

HAROLD HODGE.

A RUSTIC INTERLUDE.

THE high road goes, a white and dusky streak, on an ascent from Winchester to Stockbridge, the monotonous undulating sky-line of chalky downs cut darkly here and there by a wayside coppice of pines in whose sullen depths the riotous winds lose themselves in hollow undertones or absolute silences. Half a mile out from the old city, on Roebuck Hill, the tragic outlines of the prison, with its grey slated roof and ugly octagonal red-brick tower, cut the horizon to the backward glance, and the ragged selvedges of the modern suburb of Fulwood sprawl sordidly in its neighbourhood; the city itself lost to view, folded in a hollow of the hills where the fishful Itchen flows through its level water-meads, down to St. Cross. There have been wayfarers, strangers to Winchester, approaching the city from Stockbridge who have at a distance mistaken the prison for the Cathedral, so prominent is it in all the country round about. Since "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" was written, it has become, in some sort, a literary landmark, for it figures in the last scene of that story, in which Angel Clare and 'Liza-Lu wait by the roadside at the first milestone from Winchester, on the Romsey road, while the black flag is hoisted on the tower. "Justice was done, and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) has ended his sport with Tess."

The Stockbridge road assumes a different character in another half a mile, where, in a sudden dip, suburban villas are left behind and one comes into the tiny village of Weeke, with its characteristic Hampshire village church; a roadside pond, a great prim red-bricked

house of Georgian date, and a row of pollarded limes for its most outstanding features. And then more uplands, with great bare Hampshire fields on either hand, and the hedges reduced by high farming to mere stumps. Such is the view on Harestock Hill, with a few cottages and the white-painted equatorial of an observatory gleaming on its crest; and, to make amends, the ancient avenues of Lainston closing the distance on the right. The road presently leads to one of these rook-haunted alleys. Turn aside here at a stile to the left hand, and take the slightly marked footpath through underwoods thickly covered with the desiccated leaves of last autumn, the crackling twigs of uncounted seasons, and the empty husks of last year's beech-nuts.

Thence, across another stile, to the left along a by-road, and into Lainston Park at the first large white gate on the right hand. Here is another of the five grand avenues leading to Lainston House, a romantically gloomy late seventeenth-century mansion, embowered among the woods, with a ruined manorial chapel close at hand, in a darkling corner amid the mossy boles of the trees. The place would form an ideal setting for one of Thomas Hardy's Wessex tales, and indeed has a part in a sufficiently queer story in real life. The tale is now historic: how Walpole's "Ælia Lælia Chudleigh" was in 1745, privately married in the chapel to Captain Hervey, a naval officer, who afterwards became the third Earl of Bristol. "Miss Chudleigh," however, she continued to be at Court. Twenty-five years later she was the heroine of a bigamy case, having married, while her first husband was living, Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston. This was the lively lady, who Walpole tells us, "went to Ranelagh as Iphigenia, but as naked as Andromeda."

The chapel has long been roofless. Its font lies, broken and green with damp, on the ground, and the old ledger-stones, which cover the remains of Chudleighs and Dawleys, successive owners of Lainston, are cracked and defaced. The "living" of Lainston is worth £60 per annum, and goes with that of the neighbouring village of Sparsholt, the vicar holding it by virtue of preaching here once a year. Stress of weather occasionally obliges him to perform this duty under the shelter of an umbrella.

Sparsholt, whose church may be seen from the avenues of Lainston, is tucked away in that un-frequented hinterland of Hampshire which lies behind the Stockbridge and Andover roads, and between them and the Winchester to Romsey road. To continue along the Stockbridge turnpike is a weariness, for rarely does one see a house along its course, while the repetitive undulations of the bare hills and downs so characteristic of Hampshire affect the spirits. The cyclist finds the lonely road more than commonplace, and both he and the pedestrian who chances to be on it when the sun is setting and the landscape fades away in a purple twilight, feel inclined to think that the many centuries of civilisation are but a dream, and the dim and distant age of the Romans come again.

The hinterland is more gracious and less allied to the troglodyte period of the world's story. There are homely villages in it, and quaint corners with rustic churches of the kind almost peculiar to Hants; and the scent of the wood-smoke that curls in blue filmy wreaths from cottage chimneys is over all. One never forgets that rustic fragrance, which, more than the scent of flowers, the sound of a voice, or the notes of a well-remembered song, can bring back memories of old times and make one's heart ache for the days that were.

If the tourist never goes to Lainston, still less does he visit Sparsholt, which has no guide-book attractions; nothing but its old thatched cottages and quiet woods to recommend it. But these woods are on every side. Not woods of forest trees, but hillside tangles of hazels and alders, where the blue-bells and the violets grow, and the primroses make a continual glory in the early spring. There are the labyrinths of No Man's Land, the intricacies of Privet and Crab Wood, through which runs the now deserted Roman road from Winchester to Old Sarum, and the nameless spinneys dotted everywhere about; while the horizon in this direction is closed by Farley Mount and its obelisk whereto, plain for all explorers to see, are set forth details of the stirring career of a certain "Paulet St. John's" horse,

which jumped with him into a deserted chalk pit twenty-five feet deep, emerging, with his rider, unhurt. That was in 1733. The horse, subsequently, under the name of "Beware Chalk Pit," won the Hunter's Plate on Worthy Downs, near Winchester, and at the close of his career was buried on this spot.

CHARLES G. HARPER.

MR. WEALE AND SOUTH KENSINGTON.

IN all probability several weeks will elapse before the Report of the South Kensington Committee is made public. But before this document has become generally accessible various unauthorised items, which purport to be extracted from the forthcoming blue-book, have been published by the "Times" and other newspapers. Until, however, the official papers have been issued we refuse to believe that the statements which have been circulated in the Press represent any of the conclusions at which the Select Committee has arrived. That these rumours have been diligently spread by the friends of Mr. Weale, to whose case we referred last week, cannot be doubted for a moment. But we should like to point out that Mr. Weale's friends are doing him the greatest possible injury by persisting in the statement that he was dismissed from his post at South Kensington by the Department. In answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Balfour declared positively on Tuesday that Mr. Weale was not dismissed, but that he retired under the age rule at the expiration of the period for which the Treasury, at the request of the Committee of Council, permitted his service to be prolonged. If Mr. Weale wishes to obtain active employment again, he will find himself handicapped by these allegations.

But into whatever foolish blunders and inaccuracies Mr. Weale's friends on the Press may be led through zealous ignorance, it is ridiculous and unfair to impute them to the Select Committee, which numbers amongst its members such impartial investigators as Sir Henry Howorth, Mr. Yoxall, and Lord Balfour. It is true that the latter drafted on a former occasion some such paragraph as that which was quoted by the "Times" in its Monday's issue; but, as we pointed out when commenting on these premature and inaccurate disclosures last week, the suggestion was not adopted by the Committee, and Lord Balfour had the good sense to withdraw it. We must therefore protest strongly against an expression of opinion being ascribed to the Museums Committee which would make that body responsible for a most grave allegation against the Head of the Education Department. To make the matter more clear, it will be as well to reproduce the exact words quoted by the "Times" as being a precise transcript from the forthcoming report: "Your Committee desire to record their opinion that the termination of the engagement of Mr. Weale, late Keeper of the Art Library, immediately after the rising of the House in 1897, and subsequent to the giving of evidence by Mr. Weale, in which errors and abuses of administration in the museum were freely exposed, very much resembles a breach of privilege and an infringement of the immunity usually enjoyed by witnesses before Committees of the House of Commons."

There are two strong reasons which render such an expression of opinion on the part of the Parliamentary Committee, to say the least of it, extremely improbable. In the first place, it would be a direct and outspoken reflection on the impartiality of the Duke of Devonshire. It is a fact that Mr. Weale's engagement terminated after the rising of the House in 1897, but if that circumstance is attributed to an act of reprisal on the part of the education authorities, the Duke's honour is directly impugned. If there were any doubt about the matter before, we know now, on the authority of Mr. Balfour, that the period of Mr. Weale's service, prolonged by permission of the Treasury, had simply run out; and it is a fact within our knowledge that the Auditor-General refused on that account to pay the additional two months' salary generously accorded to Mr. Weale by the Department, until he had obtained from the Lords of the Treasury special leave to do so. In the face of these facts alone, an expression of opinion such as that attributed by the "Times" to the Museums Committee is quite out of the question.

But there is another and far weightier proof of the complete inaccuracy of the "Times" suppositions. If the Committee had had any doubts as to the causes which led to Mr. Weale's retirement in 1897, they would in common fairness have summoned the Duke of Devonshire to give evidence before them. No other honourable course is conceivable. The Lord President would then have had the opportunity of clearing up the whole affair, and all further doubts would once for all have been dissipated. In addition to this, any reflections that a suspected dismissal might have cast upon Mr. Weale's character would have been finally removed. That the Duke was not called upon to give evidence before the Committee is, in our opinion, a conclusive proof that no such statement reflecting on his justice and good faith as that alleged by the "Times" will be found when the contents of their report are made public.

HORSE RACING AND THE JOCKEY CLUB.

THE racing season is so far completed that only one "classic" three-year-old race remains to be decided. Epsom, Ascot and Goodwood, and those of the eight annual Newmarket meetings which help to bring out the best three-year-olds, are behind us, and enough has been seen to enable accurate opinions to be formed. Racing, as a popular recreation of the people, was never so popular as now, the increase in popularity being noticeable in every class of society, whether spelt with a capital "S" or a small one. The people who went to Epsom by the ever-popular road were so numerous that room could not be found for all the vehicles in the carriage enclosures on the course. The journey is performed with less hubbub and horseplay than was customary a generation ago, and to those who now undertake it attract less attention than was formerly the case. Ascot was never more successful, although there were this year no picturesque Indian Diamond Jubilee visitors, and though the average of the class of horse engaged was poor. Perhaps the fact that no horse or horses stood out with any special prominence may have been an important factor; but, whatever the cause, it is difficult to remember an Ascot meeting at which there was a larger number of interesting races. The increasing wealth of the middle classes that aspire to social distinction makes a distinct mark on the race-course, the effect being most noticeable in the members' stand of the now numerous "Park" meetings. These institutions, of which Sandown Park may be regarded as the parent, have brought about great changes in the conduct of racing, and their influence is far from being expended. They have brought the race-goer within measurable distance of comfort, and their arrangements present a remarkable contrast with what was considered good enough for their forerunners in our fathers', to say nothing of our grandfathers', days.

Not so very many years ago there was no stand on the Rowley mile course at Newmarket, and some time before that was erected there were no posts and rails, stakes and cords being temporarily provided to mark the finishing course. Horses were weighed out and in at the "top of the town," a mile from the Rowley Mile finishing post, and those who came to see spent the day in their vehicles or on horseback—still the most enjoyable way of witnessing the racing at Newmarket. By slow—very slow—degrees Newmarket is softening under the influence of the "Parks"; in other words, is recognising the right of the public, other than that which occupies the Jockey Club stand, to some care for its convenience in return for the appreciable sum it contributes in gate-money. The attitude of the Jockey Club towards those without whom it would find existence somewhat difficult is not too satisfactory. As the head of "the sport," as it is supposed to be, one would expect the Jockey Club to be on the alert to introduce improvements, but the incontrovertible truth is that the Jockey Club initiates nothing. The modern Ten Thousand Pounder, which has become a feature of the racing season and enables the owner of a really good horse to win a small fortune by its means, was invented at Sandown. When it proved a success there, Newmarket, after some years' deliberation, introduced it in twofold form, in the shape of the Princess of Wales' Stakes in

July, and the Jockey Club Stakes in October. The Jockey Club occupies a somewhat invidious position in being at one and the same time the law-giving and ruling body of the sport, and also an active participant in it, and as such a competitor with many others. In its administrative capacity it issues directions for the conduct of racing, but only in certain crises, at uncertain intervals determined by pressure from without. Nothing is ever done because of pressure from within. Sometimes members of the Jockey Club, after the manner of the Cabinet Ministers in the Parliamentary off-season, express semi-official opinions in after-dinner speeches. A notable ebullition of this sort took place at a rather recent meeting of the Jockey Club, prominent members dealing very harshly with certain forms of racing, which, however, were nowhere more glaringly prominent than at the Newmarket meeting next following the date of the speeches. The sporting press did not forget to draw attention to these somewhat anomalous happenings, as our American cousins have it.

At the present moment such agitation as there is for reform deals with the plethora of racing, the too great preponderance of five-furlong races, the too-frequent running of two-year-olds, and the unsatisfactory starting of races. The continuous increase in the number of race-courses has created a demand for more days racing, and of late years we have grown accustomed to racing six days of the week. The conditions have been accepted with the worse possible grace, and this year, one is glad to record, the Jockey Club has taken cognisance of a state of things that has no single feature to plead for it, and has partially abolished Monday racing, the Bank Holiday meetings not being interfered with. We have seen it argued that the abolishing (or curtailing) of Monday racing will be a hardship on those numerous north country race-goers who worship Saint Monday by doing no work, going racing instead, when there are races to go to. That race-going is better for the working man with a family than doing a day's work is an agreeable belief. The preponderance of five-furlong races is one of the inevitable consequences of too much racing. With capable horses sadly unable to go round, programmes must be made up somehow, and the most economical race is one of a hundred sovereigns, or less, for horses of all ages, at five furlongs. Whilst the horses that can run five furlongs really well may be counted on the fingers of one hand, any race-horse worthy the name can scramble over the distance in some sort of style. People can gamble just as well over bad horses as over good ones, and as the majority of those who regularly attend races gamble, their purpose is served. But a better use of the Turf is the improvement of the breed of horses, and this is not attained by the fostering of sprint races. Such there must be, if only to provide consolation races, as it were, on behalf of our breeding failures—which are much more numerous than our successes. The latest enactment of the Jockey Club is framed with the view of encouraging distance races, and diminishing the number of those run at five furlongs. It provides that not more than one race per day for all ages at five furlongs shall be run; and each day's programme shall provide for a race at a mile and a half. Our distance races as run in the ordinary way are not edifying spectacles, the horses cantering for the first half mile. In France, where the distance race is the rule and the sprint race the exception, there is but little loitering by the way. The result of this was shown in the race for the Ascot Gold Cup, won by a French horse, Elf II., for it was never run in such fast time before. That the distance race makes the prettier spectacle need not be argued, but it is certain that time must elapse before entries will be at all numerous for them; and full entry lists are the life-blood of the average meeting.

The running of two-year-olds has not been dealt with by the Jockey Club, and yet it is perhaps the most vital question of all. On all hands valuable prizes are offered to tempt owners to run their two-year-olds frequently. As early as March they begin, the culminating point in value being reached at Sandown Park in the £5000 National Breeders' Produce Stakes. In France they do not run their two-year-olds before August, the youngsters being a clear four months.

older than ours before they are asked to put themselves to the strain of a race and the preliminary training. Perhaps it is only an accident that in France the distance race is the standing dish. A similar rule in England would unquestionably be to the benefit of the horses, but it would scarcely be possible to frame it, so great would be the upsetting of established races. There are some trainers who will not bring out their two-year-olds till July, at the earliest, and it behoves these to achieve sufficient success to induce others to follow in their footsteps. Excepting a rule that shall defer the bringing out of two-year-olds to a later date than is now customary, the Jockey Club can scarcely interfere, unless they take upon themselves to say that no two-year-old shall run more than a given number of times. This might be regarded as an un-English interference with the liberty of the subject. As to the starting of races, the highly unsatisfactory state of things now prevailing, which results in more horses injuring their legs and their tempers than all other causes put together, can easily be abolished by the simple employment of the starting-gate. The Jockey Club are anxious to introduce the contrivance, but they fear the antipathy of trainers and jockeys, who already threaten to oppose it. At the bottom of the opposition are the jockeys who pretend that the starting machine is dangerous to them, although it is in universal use in Australia and India. Under the present system certain jockeys are clever at getting away, and they seem to prefer this lottery game to any change. Unkind things in plenty are said about jockeys. For many, perhaps the majority, of these things there is no foundation, but by their opposition to the starting machine the jockeys do themselves much harm. They set people thinking, and the only reason that can be arrived at is that a system of starting by which all get off in equal terms would not suit them. Those owners who have sufficient practical knowledge of the subject are very few, and the others are led by their trainers, even if they give the matter a thought. Trainers and jockeys are at one on this question, with a few exceptions, these including the king amongst trainers, Matthew Dawson. But trainers of his capacity are scarce indeed, and there is none to follow him at Newmarket, where the new order is far from being an improvement upon the old.

MONEY MATTERS.

HOLIDAYS, peace negotiations across the Atlantic and, if not exactly war rumours, at least uncomfortable news from the shores of the Pacific in the Far East, have made a series of cross-currents on the Stock Exchange which render it a little difficult to describe the condition of the markets. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the details of the Settlement have occupied attention; otherwise the position might have been much more uncomfortable. Until Thursday uneasiness was general in all the markets with the exception of American Rails, which have been put higher as a consequence of the definite steps towards peace. But other descriptions were mostly under the shadow of the Chinese cloud. On Thursday, however, a more cheerful tone set in and there was a general recovery of prices. The departure of Lord Salisbury for the Continent was accepted as a sign that all was for the best in the best of all possible Foreign Offices, and even the translation of Mr. Curzon was taken to be an indication that there was nothing serious about to happen. Although the present is a "nineteen-day account," market "bulls" generally anticipate a favourable time and if, as some people expect, St. Petersburg repudiates the irrepressible M. Pavloff, they will have some justification for their sanguine expectations.

There has been little change in the Money Market during the week, although the expected drain of gold to the United States has already commenced. Last week gold arriving from South Africa was bought for the States at 77s. 10*2*d. per ounce, but the price in London has now fallen to 77s. 10*2*d. The American Exchange in London has also risen slightly, and now stands at 4*8*4 as against 4*8*3*1* last week. There have consequently been no withdrawals of gold from the Bank of England. The Bank Rate is unaltered at

2*1* per cent., and the weekly return on Thursday showed a stronger position than has been the case for two or three weeks past, the reserve having increased by £352,500. The proportion of reserve to liabilities is $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. higher at 45*5* per cent. There is an abundance of money in the market. Day to day loans are easily negotiated at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., whilst the rate for three months' fine bills is 1*2* per cent. or $\frac{1}{4}$ lower than last week. The period of dearer money which is generally expected does not, therefore, seem quite so near as it did a week or two ago.

The improvement in Spanish Four per Cents. has naturally continued as a result of the near approach of peace. After the first spurt last week there was at first some hesitation on the rumours that the Spanish reply to the American conditions of peace was not wholly satisfactory, and a few unwise bears seem to have rushed in, hoping that the conclusion of peace would be delayed. On Monday, Spanish Fours stood as high as 44, but on Tuesday they fell back to 42*1*. On Wednesday, however, confidence returned, and a rise of half a point was succeeded on Thursday by a further rise of $\frac{3}{8}$ to 43*1*. Arrangements have now been made for the payment of the October coupon, and it is further announced that holders of bonds, which have been bought since the previous decree, may have them sealed for payment in gold, provided they give their word of honour that they have not subsequently sold them to a Spanish subject. This is, no doubt, very disagreeable for those speculators who have bought sealed bonds fondly believing that the price would go up because the supply would be very limited, and we do not quite see how, under the circumstances, the Spanish Government can expect to prevent Spanish subjects from having their coupons paid in gold also, since they need only pledge their bonds to foreign subjects in order to escape the infliction of a dividend in depreciated pesetas. Some of our contemporaries have complained bitterly of this second decree as showing that the first was merely a scheme to rig the market. We ourselves are inclined to consider the action of the Spanish Government as a subtle device to get as much of the External Debt into foreign hands as possible in the hope that thereby they may enlist the "sympathies" of other nations on their side in the forthcoming delicate negotiations concerning the details of the treaty of peace. If foreign nations are large holders of Spanish bonds, it stands to reason that their Governments will be much more likely to be compassionate towards the sufferings of the Spanish nation. We are still of opinion, however, that for those who care to undertake the risk Spanish Four per Cents. offer a favourable opportunity for speculation. The chances of a successful revolution in Spain as a consequence of her defeat seem now more remote than ever.

The Settlement in Home Rails reflected faithfully the influence of the recent unsatisfactory dividend declarations. The list showed a large majority of falls, the biggest being one of 4*2* in Great Central Ordinary and another of 4 in Great Central Preferred. Great Western came next with a fall of 2*1* in consequence of the big drop in the dividend resulting from the coal strike in South Wales. London and North Western also fell 2*1*, South Eastern Deferred 2*2*, Midland Deferred 2*1*, and Brighton Ordinary 2. Chatham Stocks, however, improved, the Second Preference as much as 2 points, in consequence of the favourable conditions the Company has secured in the new arrangement with the South Eastern Company. London and South Western, in the excellent management of which line the market has great confidence, scored a rise of 3 points in the Ordinary stock and smaller rises in its other descriptions, in spite of the falling off in the dividend. Great Northern stocks also improved, in view of the excellent report for the past half-year and the vigorous efforts the Company is making to meet the approaching competition of the Great Central. There does not seem much doubt that the Great Northern will get the better of its rival and its "A" and Deferred stocks still seem to us amongst the most profitable investments in the Home Railway market, notwithstanding the drop in the dividend.

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The pessimistic views common of late with regard to the Home Railway market in general have gone a little too far. Working expenses cannot go on increasing indefinitely and there must come a time when the increased outlay on wages, rolling stock and generally improved accommodation for the public must bear fruit in improved returns. It is not impossible that even the present half-year may prove much more profitable to shareholders, for gross traffic continues to increase in a satisfactory manner. Now that the whole of the English railway dividends for the past half-year have been announced we have revised our table of the net yield of the various stocks on the basis of the dividends of the two past half-years. Of the thirteen companies in our list six, have declared dividends at the same rate as last year, one at a higher rate and six at a lower rate.

NET YIELD OF ENGLISH RAILWAY STOCKS.

Company.	Dividends 1897-8.	Price 10 August.	Yield p. c. £ s. d.
Great Northern "A"	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	52	4 1 8
Brighton Deferred.....	7	174 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 0 1
Great Northern Deferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	55	3 17 3
Caledonian Deferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	55 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 16 3
Midland Deferred	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 15 5
North Eastern	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	177	3 12 0
South Eastern Deferred ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	109	3 11 1
Brighton Ordinary.....	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	184	3 9 3
North Western	7	202	3 9 3
Lancashire and Yorkshire ..	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	149 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 8 6
South Western Deferred ..	3	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 7 0
Caledonian Ordinary.....	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	153	3 6 11
Great Northern Preferred ..	4	121 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 5 10
South Western Ordinary ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	222 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 19 6
South Eastern Ordinary ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	153	2 18 7
Great Eastern.....	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	120 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 18 2
Great Western	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	165	2 17 7
Midland Preferred	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	87	2 17 5
Metropolitan	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	132 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 16 7
Great Central Preferred ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 11 3

Some shareholders seemed disposed to question Earl Cawdor's explanation of the drop in the Great Western dividend from 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at the meeting of the Company on Thursday. But the figures placed before the meeting by the Chairman really left no doubt upon the matter. The receipts from the mineral traffic showed a decrease for the half-year of £138,172, and dock and harbour dues, which are to a great extent dependent on the mineral returns, decreased £3336, so that in spite of increased receipts in other branches of traffic, the total income of the Company was £60,398 less than in the corresponding period of last year. On the other hand, the expenditure increased by £190,192, of which £83,866 was for maintenance of ways and works, and mainly for the relaying of the old permanent way; £38,420 mainly for the extra cost of coal; £34,843 mainly for extra staff and increased wages, and £15,143 for increased steamboat charges. The proportion of working expenses to traffic receipts generally has increased from 57.94 per cent. to 62.85 per cent. Since the capital charges were £8000 more than in 1897, the sum brought forward £11,000 less, and the amount received in banker's interest £18,000 less, the drop of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the dividend is fully accounted for. Of course it was a very bad half-year for the Great Western, and the Company was doubly unfortunate in having embarked on such a large expenditure for the renewal of the permanent way before the coal strike began. As the dispute in South Wales is not yet settled, and may still drag on for some time, the outlook for the current half-year is by no means favourable.

American Rails are still in the ascendant, and with the exception of Louisville, all the principal stocks now stand at a higher level than in January last. Making-up prices on Wednesday showed a general rise, only two minor stocks having fallen during the account. Milwaukees rose 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, Norfolk Adjustment Preference 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, Baltimore and Ohio 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Louisvilles, Northern Pacific Preferred, Southern Railway Preference and Union Preferred all more than 2 points. Values in

this market seem to us unduly inflated and we still anticipate a slump when peace is formally concluded. The optimists believe that there is going to be a great increase in the trade of the United States when the war is at an end, and a big wheat harvest is reported. But the real difficulties of the United States will come with the conclusion of the war, for the restoration of order in Cuba is likely to prove a hard task even for American statesmen, and we should advise those who have made a profit in this market to take it and clear out. During the week there have been considerable dealings in Baltimore and Ohio stocks as a result of the success of the reorganization scheme. Last week we stated in error that after 20 August deposits of Bonds and Stocks for conversion will be accepted only on a cash payment of \$2. The penalty is a payment of 2 per cent. of the par value of bonds and an additional cash payment of \$2 per share of stock deposited.

COMPARISON OF PRICES OF AMERICAN RAILWAY STOCKS BEFORE THE WAR SCARE AND NOW.

Railway.	Price 28 January.	Price 10 August.	Difference.
Atchison and Topeka	13 $\frac{1}{2}$	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ $\frac{1}{2}$
Central Pacific	14 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Chicago and Milwaukee ..	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	107 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 8 $\frac{1}{2}$
Denver Preferred	51 $\frac{1}{2}$	52 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1
Illinois Central	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	112	+ 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Louisville.....	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
New York Central.....	112 $\frac{1}{2}$	123 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 11
North Pacific Preference ..	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Pennsylvania	60	61	+ 1
Wabash Preference	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	+ 1

Industrials are still a very dull market, and the settlement showed that the amount of business transacted is very small. The most notable feature of the week has been the fall in National Telephone Company's shares as a result of the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons. Last year these shares stood at nearly £8. Now they are worth only a little over £5. The Allsopp meeting on Thursday was no doubt very satisfactory to the shareholders. A profit for the year of £289,000, as against £260,000 last year, and a reserve fund of £250,000, are calculated to make any shareholder feel comfortable. Oil-shares have been weak in consequence of the great fire at Baku, on the property of the Russian Petroleum Company. The catastrophe has reminded investors in oil companies how easily £100,000 worth of their property can disappear.

NET YIELD OF INDUSTRIAL COMPANIES.

Company.	Dividend 1897. Per cent.	Price 10 August.	Yield per cent. £ s. d.
Bovril Deferred.....	5	8 17 9	8 17 9
Do. Ordinary	7	8 0 0	8 0 0
Linotype Deferred (£5)	9	5 18 0	5 18 0
Mazawattee Tea	8	5 16 4	5 16 4
D. H. Evans & Co.	12	5 12 11	5 12 11
National Telephone (£5)	6	5 11 7	5 11 7
Spiers & Pond (£10)	10	5 8 1	5 8 1
Linotype Ordinary (£5)	6	5 4 4	5 4 4
Holborn & Frascati.....	10 ⁽¹⁾	5 0 0	5 0 0
Harrod's Stores	20	5 0 0	5 0 0
Bryant & May (£5)	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 18 7	4 18 7
Jay's	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 12 3	4 12 3
Eley Brothers (£10)	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 12 1	4 12 1
Swan & Edgar	5	4 8 10	4 8 10
Savoy Hotel (£10)	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 8 2	4 8 2
Jones & Higgins	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 4 5	4 4 5
J. & P. Coats (£10)	20	3 5 0	3 5 0

(1) Including bonus of 2 per cent.

The complete return of the valuation of the Scottish Equitable Life Assurance Society made at 1 March this year has just been received. It is not in all respects a satisfactory document. The valuation is made on the same basis as on the previous occasion, that is upon the Healthy Males Table of the Institute of Actuaries, assuming interest at 3 per cent. This, of course, is completely satisfactory, and means that the Society's reserves are amply sufficient to meet all its liabilities and

to leave a good surplus. When, however, we turn to the rate of interest yielded by the funds, we find a somewhat serious falling off as compared with previous years. For the five years ending 1888, the average interest yielded was £4 6s. 9d. per cent.; for the five years ending 1893 it was £4 6s. 2d., and for the five years ending 1898 it was only £4 0s. 5d. This decrease of more than a quarter per cent. is much larger than Insurance Companies as a whole have experienced. There is, however, a substantial item of profit on the revaluation of securities which helps to make the interest returns actually better than they appear to be, although not better compared with 1893, when the balance of profit and loss amounted to £10,000 more than on the present occasion. This point was referred to by the Chairman at the Annual Meeting in a way that was scarcely justifiable, for he apparently compared the results of 1898, including the profit on Investments, with the results of 1893, excluding such profits, thus making the present falling off appear less than it actually is. The expense for the past five years amounted to 14·6 per cent. of the premium income as compared with 13·9 per cent. and 13·5 per cent. at the previous two valuations, while the percentage of premiums reserved for future expenses and profit is 17·5 per cent. as against 18·7 per cent. five years ago. Thus, the actual expenses are rather more and the provision made for them rather less.

These facts concerning interest and expenditure naturally have their effect upon the bonus declared. The bonus in the Scottish Equitable is allotted as a reversionary addition, calculated on the sums assured and on previous bonuses remaining in force, at a uniform rate for each premium paid during the valuation period. The bonus was at the rate of 30s. per cent. per annum in 1893 and has fallen to 28s. per cent. in 1898. This is not a serious falling off and may indeed be considered a moderately good bonus in spite of the fact that the premiums of the Scottish Equitable are at most ages rather above the average. The Society is content with a very moderate rate of progress, as is shown by the fact that the assurances in force have only increased from just under 10½ millions in 1893 to slightly over 11½ millions in 1898; while its funds, which were a little over 3½ millions five years ago, now amount to £4,068,265. To progress of this sort no exception can be taken, for it is the opinion of the most reliable actuaries that moderate growth is on the whole better for existing policy-holders than a very large proportion of new business, especially when, as is usually the case, rapid development involves excessive expenditure. Thus it will be seen that on the whole, the valuation of the Scottish Equitable shows the Society to be in a thoroughly sound position and to be working on the most approved lines, but none the less the results of the valuation are just a little disappointing.

The sixty-ninth annual report of the Clergy Mutual Insurance Society has just been presented to the members. It shows that the new business transacted is smaller than in any year for at least the last twelve the new sums assured only amounting to £260,646, yielding new annual premiums of £8450. This is an exceedingly small amount of new business, and considering the excellent results the Society yields to its policy-holders, it seems a pity that more people do not take advantage of the favourable conditions this Office offers. The very limited rate of progress that is shown is largely due to the Society paying no commission for the introduction of new business. The result of this, however, is that the expenses only amount to 6·5 per cent. of the premium income, as compared with the 15 per cent. which is the average rate of expenditure of British Life Offices. As the Society sets aside 12½ per cent. of its premiums for future expenses and profit, it will be seen that nearly half of the "loading" that is reserved goes to swell the surplus. Another considerable addition to the surplus is provided by the difference between the interest assumed in calculating the liabilities and the interest yielded by the funds. The rate assumed for the greater part of its policies is only 2½ per cent., while the rate

actually earned upon the total funds after the deduction of income tax is £3 16s. 11d., so showing a margin of more than 1½ per cent. as a contribution to surplus. The extent to which the mortality experienced is better than the mortality provided for is also favourable, for, although the claims paid during the past year have been much heavier than usual and amounted to £282,317 including matured endowments, they were less than the expected amount to the extent of £64,396. Two-thirds of the death claims were in respect of lives over seventy years of age, and a considerable proportion of these were paid on account of policy-holders who exceeded eighty, and in some cases ninety, years of age. The account on the whole is of a most satisfactory character, and suggests that considerable sums were accumulated during the year towards a large surplus at the next valuation.

After a temporary set-back, due to the uneasiness caused by the position of affairs in the Far East, South African Shares have again begun to improve, stimulated partly by another record output for July. The total production of gold last month from the Witwatersrand alone was 359,343 ozs., or 14,673 ozs. more than in June, and 116,864 ozs. more than in the corresponding month of last year. The output from the whole of the Transvaal amounted to 382,006 ozs. In the face of these figures it is impossible for the most sceptical to deny that gold-mining on the Rand is a solid and progressive industry, very much more certain in its results and yielding much higher profits than many a favourite industrial security, notwithstanding the many difficulties with which the industry has to contend. The long, expected reforms seem as far off as ever, but owing to the improved management of the mines which are at work, the more perfect methods of extraction which are continually being adopted and the many economies which have been achieved during the past year, not only the total production but the net profits of the various Companies are steadily going up. In July, especially, the profits of several Companies showed a notable increase. The Village Main Reef came first with a monthly profit of £22,300, £5300 more than in June; the Rose Deep made nearly £3000 more, the Robinson £2000, Crown Reef £1300, Nourse Deep and Geldenhuis Deep each £1100, and the Wolhuter nearly £1500.

ESTIMATED NET YIELD OF TRANSVAAL MINES.
OUTCROPS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 10 August.	Life of Mine.	Pro- bable Net Yield.	
				Per Cent.	Years.
Pioneer (2)	500	11½	1	50	
Rietfontein A.	35	2	30	15½	
Van Ryn	40	1½	12	14	
Glencairn	35	1½	11	12	
Comet	50	3½	18	11	
Henry Nourse (1)	150	10½	12	10	
Ferreira	350	26	17	9	
Treasury (4)	12½	3½	13	8	
Ginsberg	50	2½	8	8	
Roodepoort United	50	4½	15	7	
Jumpers (4)	80	5½	8	7	
Meyer and Charlton	70	4½	10	6½	
Robinson (7)	20	8½	16	6½	
Heriot	100	7½	12	6½	
Primrose	60	4	10	6	
Wolhuter (6)	10	5½	40	6	
Crown Reef (3)	200	14	8	5	
City and Suburban (6)	15	6½	17	5	
Wemmer	150	10½	10	5	
Geldenhuis Main Reef	10	1½	6	4½	
May Consolidated	35	2½	9	4	
Langlaagte Estate	30	3½	15	4	
Durban Roodepoort	80	5½	9	4	
Princess	15	1½	20(?)	4	
Geldenhuis Estate	100	6	7	3½	
Angelo	75	5½	8(8)	2	
Jubilee (5)	75	11	8	0	
Worcester	60	2½	4	0	

(1) 42 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to

£2 per share. (2) Owns 37 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £10 10s. per share. (3) 51 1/4 deep-level claims, estimated value equivalent to £2 10s. per share, and 47 water-right claims. (4) 52 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £1 per share. (5) 18 D.L. claims, estimated value equivalent to £4 per share. (6) £4 shares. (7) £5 shares. (8) Poorer North Reef Ore not taken into account.

DEEP LEVELS.

Company.	Estimated Dividends.	Price, 10 August.	Life of Mine.	Probable Net Yield.	Per Cent.	Years.	Per Cent.
*Robinson Deep	200	97	20	16 1/2			
*Durban Deep (1)	50	3 1/2	15	13			
*Crown Deep	200	13	16	10 1/2			
*Rose Deep	105	6 1/4	15	10			
*Nourse Deep	60	5 1/2	43	9 1/2			
*Jumpers Deep	40	5 1/4	36	6 1/2			
*Bonanza	108(2)	4 1/2	5	5 1/2			
*Village Main Reef (3)	75	6 1/2	13	5			
*Geldenhuys Deep	70(2)	9 1/2	23	4			
*Simmer and Jack	4 1/2(2)	4	10	3 1/2			
Glen Deep	18	3	25	3			
Langlaagte Deep	21	2 1/2	15	2			

The mines marked thus * are already at work. (1) Owns 24,000 Roodepoort Central Deep shares, value £36,000, and will probably sell sixty or seventy claims at a price equivalent to £1 per share. (2) Calculated on actual profits of working. (3) Owns 25,000 Wemmer shares, value equivalent to £1 per share. (4) £5 shares.

The price of Johannesburg Pioneer shares has risen considerably of late. At the end of June they stood at 10, but they now stand at 11 1/2. In our table the remaining life of the mine is put at one year, but in fact it has only a few months longer to live. The little mine has paid enormous dividends during its short existence. In 1896 it paid 350 per cent.; last year it paid 500 per cent., and it will probably again pay 500 per cent. this year. It is, however, to be noted that 275 per cent. of this has already been paid, so that the buyer at the present price can only be certain of getting 225 per cent., or a return of less than 20 per cent. The Company has, however, a valuable asset in the form of thirty-seven deep-level claims, twenty-five of which are on the dip of the Crown Deep property, and twelve to the south of the Langlaagte Deep. These two blocks of claims are too small to be worked separately by the Pioneer Company, and they will of course have to be disposed of to one or other of the adjoining deep-level companies. To the holder or purchaser of Pioneers it is therefore important to know what value to place upon these deep-level claims, and the calculation is simple since the market value of the adjoining claims provides a fair basis of valuation.

The whole of the thirty-seven claims are adjacent to the South Rand property belonging to the Rand Mines. The market value of South Rand shares is about £4, which gives a claim valuation of £6000. On this basis the Pioneer claims are worth £222,000. Since the capital of the Pioneer Company is £21,000, its deep-level holdings consequently represent a value equal to about £10 10s. per share. There has been very good reason, therefore, for the recent appreciation in the value of Pioneer shares, in spite of the approaching exhaustion of the outcrop mine, and we expect to see them go much higher. Now that the second-row deep levels are being rapidly pushed forward, the holders of Pioneer shares should, when the deep-level claims are disposed of, receive in return shares worth nearly as much as the present value of each Pioneer share. It was a considerable under-estimation of the value of the deep level claims that formerly placed the shares at the bottom of our table of the net yield of outcrop mines. A fair estimate of the value places them at the top.

NEW ISSUES.

KOOTENAY RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION COMPANY, LIMITED.

British Columbian railways are scarcely yet familiar enough to the British investor to inspire confidence,

and we doubt if much of the £480,000 Debenture Stock, issued by the Kootenay Railway and Navigation Company, Limited, will have been subscribed in this country. The interest is 5 per cent. and the stock is issued at par, so that the conditions are not particularly attractive. The Company will own or control certain lines, constructed or to be constructed, connecting the Kootenay Lake with the North American railway systems, and it appears that fair profits are being already earned by some of the undertakings. It is, however, a long way for capital to go to secure a poor 5 per cent.

W. A. MC ARTHUR & CO., LIMITED.

W. A. McArthur & Co., Limited, with a capital of £250,000, is formed to take over the business of the well-known Australian firm of warehousemen known as A. McArthur & Co., first established in Sydney in 1841, and the similar business in London of W. & A. McArthur. The death of Sir William McArthur renders it convenient and desirable that the two businesses should be combined. The price asked by the two firms for their businesses is £300,000, £150,000 of which they take in Ordinary shares. The assets to be acquired are valued at £256,000 and the goodwill at £44,000. The profits of the three past half-years are certified as having been at the rate of £19,000 a year and to have increased regularly. The present issue is of 7500 five and a half per cent. Preference shares of £10 each and of £75,000 of 4 1/2 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CYMRU.—We have not yet been able to consult the prospectus of the company.

W. FREEMAN (Worcester).—The shares are not likely to improve much in value, since investors fight shy of securities on which they may at any time have to pay substantial calls. But the company is a sound one, and as it pays high interest we should advise you to hold your shares.

DYSP. (Southampton).—We do not think that the past history of the Company gives any reason to believe that it will be successful in its new departure. The shareholders were probably ill-advised in assenting to the increase of capital. We should sell Lipton's Ordinary. The present high price does not seem to us in the least justified.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT PROPRIETY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—It is fortunately no longer true that the public is entirely careless of the interests of a sturdier morality—ethics based on knowledge instead of ignorance. The Bedborough prosecution seems to have cleared the air, and a strong band of well-known men and women is actively determined to resist the attempted police censorship of scientific studies on the all-important subject of sex. A stronger committee has not been seen for very many years. Clergymen, scientists, authors, physicians, barristers and editors, of world-wide reputation, as well as a large number of men and women representing societies of all shades of opinion, have joined this committee, and there is every prospect that the determined stand thus made will prevent any future attempt to suppress that freedom of utterance which has been won at such cost in the past.

It is well to bear in mind in the present case that Mr. Bedborough is not arraigned for any writing of his own. He is called upon to bear the burden of the defence of the writings of others with whom he is not necessarily in agreement.

It may interest your readers to know that the next public meeting on this question will be held in the French Salon, St. James's Hall (Restaurant Entrance, Piccadilly) on Monday, 15 August, at 8 p.m., when the following resolution will be submitted:—

"That, while not concerned to oppose, defend or express any opinion respecting the particular views of Mr. Bedborough or of the various other persons for circulating whose writings he is being prosecuted, this meeting regards the present case as one which requires the most careful watching in the interest of the general freedom of the press; and this meeting pledges itself to endeavour to raise the necessary means for Mr. Bedborough's defence, regarding this as the most practical

assertion of the principle which is assailed by the prosecution."—Yours faithfully, HENRY SEYOUR.

THOMSON AND POPE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris, 26 July, 1898.

SIR,—I have only lately taken cognisance of the clever lively paper in which Mr. Churton Collins discussed last year in your columns (31 July, 1897) the question of Pope's alleged collaboration with James Thomson. The conclusions arrived at by the distinguished critic being very different from those I had myself adopted in a work which is, in that very paper, too handsomely mentioned, I should feel obliged if you would allow me to expose a few observations suggested by the elaborate discussion of your contributor.

The facts of the case, in the very words of Mr. Churton Collins, are these: "There is in the British Museum an interleaved copy of the first volume of the London edition of Thomson's works dated 1738, and the part of the volume which contains 'The Seasons' is full of manuscript deletions, corrections, and additions. These are in two handwritings, the one being unmistakably the handwriting of Thomson, the other beyond all question the handwriting of some one else. . . . Almost all these corrections . . . form part of the present text. . . . Now, who was this [Thomson's] corrector?"

Mitford, the discoverer of the precious copy, had assumed Pope to have been that friendly corrector, and his opinion had been accepted by most biographers. Mr. Churton Collins proposes to explode the whole theory as a pure "literary mare's nest." I wish to examine the value of his objections and to test his observations in the order in which they occur in his paper.

"The corrections in the hand which is not the hand of Thomson are in many cases of extraordinary merit, showing a fineness of ear and delicacy of touch quite above the reach of Thomson himself." The testimony thus rendered, with a somewhat excessive admiration, to the value of the additions tells in some measure, as we shall see, against Mr. Churton Collins's case. But apart from its bearing on the point discussed, it seems to call for a double protestation. It is a manifest exaggeration to declare the marginal notes altogether superior to Thomson's own work. They are mostly *corrections*, and as such are generally (not always) preferable to the faulty passages they aim at improving. But what new matter the nameless collaborator added, or proposed to be added, cannot be thought of a higher artistic value than the best passages in the "Seasons." The pink of those additions is the pretty episode of Lavinia. Would any one place it higher than the grand descriptive passages in the poem? In the second place, I must suppose that the reviewer, when writing that sentence, had momentarily forgotten that, between 1738 and 1744, Thomson was slowly and lovingly elaborating "The Castle of Indolence." I should like to know what poet between Milton and Shelley showed more "fineness of ear and delicacy of touch" than the author of "The Castle of Indolence"?

But to come to the discussion itself, Mr. Churton Collins declares that Pope's fathership of the corrections is a gratuitous hypothesis. Mitford had, however, adduced some correlative evidence. I fail to see that its value is in the least degree impaired by the attempted refutation. The passages reproduced by Mr. Churton Collins actually prove, as Mitford would have it, that Pope did read some of Thomson's works in manuscript. The latter quotation, from a letter of Pope to Aaron Hill, "I am just taken up by Mr. Thomson in the perusal of a new poem he has brought me," may very fairly be interpreted as referring, not to a rapid perusal, but to an attentive reading in view of friendly criticism and advice. That the two works thus read by Pope in manuscript were not the *printed* copy of 1738 is most evident; but the argument, Pope may very well be the author of the notes, because we have proof that Thomson submitted to his consideration some of his works, even before publication, that argument stands exactly where it did before.

After disposing thus of the correlative evidence, Mr.

Churton Collins opposes direct objections: "It is incredible that such an interesting secret would have been kept either by Thomson himself or by Pope." I don't think that in any case the objection would be of much weight. Many are the instances, both in literary and political history, of things being revealed after long remaining secret in some "incredible" way; but in the present case what cause could there be for surprise? It is very likely, when preparing a new edition, that Thomson solicited the collaboration of his friend; therefore at no very great interval from June, 1744, the date of publication of the edition of "The Seasons," in which the corrections and additions were incorporated. Now Pope died on May 30, 1744. If we bear in mind that his death was preceded by no eclipse of his brilliant intellect, that he was sending off copies of his "Ethic Epistles" to his friends just three weeks before breathing his last, we may very easily believe that he gave to a brother-poet a friendly help without mentioning it, because he outlived but little that good turn. Let me add, first, that his not mentioning it is even a gratuitous assumption, all we know being simply that there is no trace left of his having spoken of it; and, secondly, that the casual collaboration with an author which he certainly considered as being vastly inferior to himself did not, very likely, seem to him such an interesting episode in his literary career as it seems to us. As to Thomson himself not proclaiming the fact, will any one believe that this is a proof against the hypothesis?

"Again, whoever the corrector was he had a fine ear for blank verse and must indeed have been a master of it. There is no proof that Pope ever wrote in blank verse." Possibly not, but is this any objection to his having done so in the present case? Shall we say of Pope that he did not write blank verse because he could not? That would be an amusing rejoinder to the same Pope's assertion to Voltaire that Milton did not write his "Paradise Lost" in rhymed verse "because he could not." There is also in Pope's works one short imitation of Spenser's stanza. If it had not been printed in the works, would a post-mortem attribution to the poet of the "Dunciad" have been confuted by the simple observation that the works contain no other such attempt?

The certain fact is that Pope considered the rhymed distich as a superior form of art, but we may believe that his mastery of the poetical instrument and the pliancy of his refined intellect enabled him to merge for a time his individuality into that of another strong influence, and to write a few Thomsonian lines.

At any rate he could do so better than any one else, and this is the crucial point in the discussion. Mr. Churton Collins himself is perfectly sure that the corrections are not Thomson's. All he says to establish their high value adds something to the plausibility of Pope's authorship. What other writer could he mention as being able, between 1738 and 1744, to write verse, either blank or rhymed, superior or equal to that of Thomson?

So much for the collateral evidence. It can only, we admit, found a plausibility, but as such it seems to me to have withstood the attacks of your contributor. The question, I have always thought, should be settled by a direct examination of the manuscript. I must acknowledge that I was rather puzzled when, after a thorough acquaintance with the notes and emendations in the Mitford volume (I had copied them verbatim and in facsimile), I saw a few authentic specimens of Pope's writing. My impression was that, though not so dissimilar as to exclude all possibility of a same origin, they certainly were not alike. The objection had been made long ago by Peter Cunningham, who thought he recognised rather Lyttelton's handwriting. I believed, but perhaps I am mistaken in this, that it was in answer to Cunningham's doubts that Messrs. Ellis and Combe, of the British Museum, had examined the writing and pronounced in favour of Pope. If, as Mr. Churton Collins, quoting Mr. Tovey, informs us, "that if the best authorities at the Museum many years ago were positive that the handwriting was Pope's, their successors at the present time are equally positive that it is not," this places us in an awkward predicament.

13 August, 1898

Alas for the comfortable old faith in the 'cocksure certitude of "experts!"' However, I suppose that we must submit to the negative decision of present living authorities rather than stick to the affirmative of dead ones, who can no longer give their reasons and defend their own view. But then we still have to confront the problem—Who is the author of the notes? Out of the mass of authentic MSS. in the British Museum will no patient searcher find out the decisive document that could clear up the mystery? If the documents were in Germany I am sure we should already have heard of many different positive solutions, and should only be at a loss how to choose amongst them.

There might be another method employed to work out the problem, and that also would require some patient industry. It is the test I applied in my "James Thomson" to the controverted question of Thomson's and Mallet's claims to the authorship of "Rule Britannia." It consists in pointing out in the writings of a given author peculiarities of style and similitudes of expressions which may tend to confirm the attribution to him of this or that production. The method is, I suppose, a good one, since I find it employed concerning the same point by Mr. Churton Collins himself ("Saturday Review," 20 February, 1897), and by Mr. William Bayne in his recent "Life of Thomson" ("Famous Scot Series," pp. 158-160).

Pending the result of such inquiries, I would hold by this provisional opinion:

(1) There is no one to whom Thomson would have, between 1738 and 1744, so likely applied for criticism and suggestions as his friend and neighbour, the great Mr. Pope.

(2) There is no one but Pope who could, at that time, have written verse equal or nearly equal to that of Thomson.

(3) If the writing be certainly not that of Pope, as it is not either that of any other known writer who could be supposed to have been the author of such emendations and additions, there remains only to conclude that the real author used an amanuensis. But instead of Mr. Churton Collins's suggestion (which he himself declares to be improbable, and which seems to me utterly untenable) that the notes are Thomson's while employing an amanuensis, I hold by the notion that, whoever the amanuensis, the notes were dictated by Pope.—I remain, Sir, yours very sincerely,

LÉON MOREL, Docteur des lettres.

SHAKESPEARE AND "THE SKETCH."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There was a note a couple of weeks ago in the "Sketch" which began with the remark that "Mr. Frank Harris's articles in the 'Saturday Review' on Shakespeare are not very novel." Now, the gist of these articles is that Shakespeare has revealed himself as the protagonist of five plays and three or four times besides in sympathetic secondary characters, or, as Mr. Harris himself puts it, that "Shakespeare has painted himself for us at full length at every stage of his career." This, the Editor of the "Sketch" asserts, is not "very novel." Will he be pleased, for the information of the public, to tell us where else he has seen this theory propounded. As an old lover of Shakespeare, I can only say that I do not believe that the Editor of "Sketch" had ever before heard of the theory, for his further arguments show his crass ignorance of the whole subject. He admits Mr. Harris's "very novel" theory that Shakespeare was a poor drinker, but contests the theory that he was a poor sleeper also, which will find, I think, much more general acceptance.—Yours, &c.,

G. S.

P.S.—Surely one looks at the "Sketch" for photographs of ballet dancers and not for literary judgments.

MAJOR HUME AND "TEMPLE BAR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

6 August, 1898.

SIR,—In an article on Endymion Porter in the current number of "Temple Bar" the author refers to my Life of Sir Walter Ralegh as his authority for the statement that in 1603, at the age of sixteen, the third Count de

Olivares (Gaspar de Guzman) made an important speech which changed the policy of Spain towards the English succession.

In the interests of historical accuracy I am anxious for an opportunity of recording the fact that nothing I have written bears out this reference. The speech in question, of which a summary will shortly be published in my fourth volume of "Spanish State Papers of Elizabeth," was made in the Council of State, not by the Conde-Duque, but by his father the Second Count de Olivares, that arrogant ambassador in Rome who had cajoled and bullied Sixtus V. into promising aid to the Armada.—Yours faithfully,

MARTIN A. S. HUME.

STARVATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

August 8, 1898.

SIR,—According to accounts which I have received from the West Indian Editors, several of the West India Islands, especially the Leward Islands, are in the last stage of destitution, and starvation is at the door. I beg leave to call the attention of your readers to the state of Antigua as described in the "Antigua Times" which arrived on the 4th instant:—

"The condition of our working people is a matter for grave and serious consideration. In the city there are a large number of able-bodied men seeking employment from day to day without success. In the country the same sad tale is told, men with families not being able to earn more than one shilling per week. On Thursday of this week a man was found lying in one of the principal streets of the city worn out by exhaustion from starvation who had ultimately to be carried to the hospital."

It was stated quite recently in the "Montserrat Herald" that cases of death from starvation had already occurred at Montserrat.

This matter has become urgent and acute, and the nation must be prepared for a lamentable loss of life in the West Indies unless steps are taken to avert it; for the palliatives sanctioned by the House of Commons, with a view to resuscitating the Sugar Industry in the West Indies, will not save the native labouring populations from death by starvation. Such is the appalling state of affairs brought about in our West Indian Colonies by the action of the Foreign Bounties.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES HENEAGE,
Representing the West Indian and Demerara Editors.

WANTED, AN UNDER-SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In times of political crisis the situation has frequently been saved by the arrangement of a convenient matrimonial alliance. I venture to suggest that a similar solution might with great advantage be applied to the present parliamentary deadlock. The removal of Mr. Curzon from his position in the Government to the Viceroyalty of India will obviously create considerable embarrassment in Ministerial circles. The appointment of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett or Mr. Thomas Bowles to the vacant Under-Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs is, I take it, a contingency that need not be taken account of, for it is plain that the elevation of either to that office would be entirely neutralised by the hampering opposition of the one who had been passed over, and among equals that might prove dangerous to the dispatch of business.

But suggestions have been made that Mr. Austin Chamberlain should be promoted to the post. May I add to this excellent proposition the proposal that the bonds of the Coalition Government should be further strengthened by a Chamberlain-Salisbury domestic alliance? No doubt a suitable young lady could be found among the Cecil contingent; and when once the interests of the two families had become identified, Lord Salisbury could retire in favour of the Colonial Secretary without unpleasantness or loss of dignity.—I am, yours, &c.,

UNIONIST.

REVIEWS.

PAUSANIAS' DESCRIPTION OF GREECE.

"Pausanias's Description of Greece." Translated with a Commentary by J. G. Frazer. In six volumes. London : Macmillan.

THIS is really a monumental work. It is pleasant for once to meet a book to which that adjective so soiled with use may rightly be applied. The author of the "Golden Bough" is well known within and without the ranks of professional scholars. We expect from him not only advanced scholarship, but also grace of style and subtlety of insight. All these qualities are exhibited in this admirable work. Even eloquence, the last gift to be demanded in a commentator on Pausanias, finds a place, not only in the preface and introduction, but even in the commentary, whenever anything like a discussion takes the place of mere exegesis.

An article or two in the quarterlies, or a series of papers in the "Classical Review," would be requisite to do anything like justice to Dr. Frazer. Here we can do no more than point out a few of the salient characteristics of the edition, and make a few special remarks on the critical portion of it, as being less out of the purview of the weekly reviewer than the massive explanatory commentary which fills the vols. ii. to v., vol. i. containing the translation of the whole ten books, and vol. vi. some 200 pages of indices and maps.

The admirably written introduction gives an unprejudiced view of this Camden of the second century, who, without any rare intellectual gifts, without any distinction of style, has, by a certain honest application of a sensible and well-considered method, earned for himself a place in literature which men with far higher abilities have failed to achieve. Plutarch and Lucian, doubtless, stand far above him in the temple of fame; but they were writers of real genius. The remarkable thing is that pseudo-Dicearchus failed to survive, though he aimed at much the same target as Pausanias, and certainly had far higher literary gifts. Perhaps the most interesting part of Dr. Frazer's introduction is that in which he translates the fragments of this predecessor of Pausanias, and shows how it was that his dashing vignettes of a vanished world failed to survive, while the guide-book of the plodding Pausanias—the Baedeker of the times of Hadrian and the Antonines—is now read by nations whom he describes "as the most numerous and warlike barbarians in Europe," and by the Britons in their distant isle, not to speak of the inhabitants of another world beyond the Atlantic. The pseudo-Dicearchus, who certainly cannot have been the pupil of Aristotle, but one who wrote some time between 164 B.C. and 86 B.C., has given us highly-coloured sketches of the Greece of his time: the white city of Tanagra on its hill with the pretty painted porches of the houses; Thebes with its women "the tallest, prettiest and most graceful in Greece," a town lovely in summer with fruits and flowers, knee-deep in winter with slush or snow; Athens with its narrow lanes and its splendid Parthenon, its ruinous courtesans, its literary pests, its hungry populace and its daring footpads; greedy Oropus, quarrelsome Thespiae, braggart Platæa and stupid Haliartus. "But," writes Dr. Frazer, "the lights are too high, the shadows too deep. . . . The writer has exaggerated for the sake of literary effect. . . . On the whole this lively, superficial, gossipy work, with its showy slap-dash sketches of life and scenery cannot compare in solid worth with the dry and colourless, but in general minute and accurate description of Greece which Pausanias has given us." His plodding method and unassuming honesty have succeeded where more showy qualities have failed. The real interest of Pausanias lies not in his account of the Greece of his own time, but in his priceless description of those monuments which he found scattered over Greece. In the execution of this part of his task Dr. Frazer claims for Pausanias rare judgment, as shown in his enthusiastic admiration of the Propylæa at Athens, and still more in his outburst of delight over the theatre at Epidaurus, which was the work of Polyclitus. Pausanias has been assailed as a plagiarist. But we must distinguish between the historical and descriptive part

of his work. Some modern critics conceive that if they can show that the historical matter has been taken from books they have raised a presumption that for his descriptions also he was indebted to previous writers. Such a fallacy seems too obvious to have influenced any intelligent thinker, yet it has been seriously put forward. Dr. Frazer meets it with a few trenchant words: "though Pausanias certainly could not have witnessed events which happened before he was born, he was not therefore necessarily debarred from seeing things which existed in his own lifetime."

Serious and methodical as is the work of Pausanias, it teems with popular tales simply told. We have in Aristomenes the Messenian the William Tell of the ancient world. Bethgelert rises before us in the story of the kind serpent that saved a child from a wolf and was killed by the child's father by mistake (x. 39, 9). To all these "airy nothings" he gives "a local habitation and a name." For instance, it was in Amphiclea in Phocis that the serpent saved the child.

The allegation put forward by some critics that Pausanias describes a state of things which had passed away before his time, and for which he is mainly indebted to Polemo, an earlier writer of the second century, is met by Dr. Frazer with vigour. He shows that this hypothesis reveals only some oversight or misapprehension on the part of its propounders. For instance, Pausanias describes the Piraeus of his time as a thriving port. "But," urge his critics, "Piræus was burnt by Sulla in 86 B.C., and was still in a derelict condition when Strabo wrote under Augustus." "True," replies Dr. Frazer, "but Pausanias wrote under the Antonines. Does the Palatinate remain to this day the wilderness to which it was reduced by the armies of Louis XIV.?" Some fifty pages of critical notes at the end of the first volume show excellent scholarship and much judgment, with perhaps too great tenacity of readings which can be almost demonstrated to be false. Certainly the Dutch, those "numerous and warlike barbarians" to whom Pausanias refers (viii. 43, 6) have had their revenge on him. The brilliant Herwerden plays the "scissors-man" of the child's story-book, and will not allow to Pausanias certain little tricks of expression to which he is prone, but which Lucian would have eschewed. In iii. 17, 4, *ἀέροις τε δύο τούς ὄρνιθας*, Herwerden would omit the last two words as a gloss, and a wrong gloss, for *ἀέροις* means "gables" in his opinion. But Dr. Frazer shrewdly urges that there may have been images of eagles supporting Victories, and that in that case the words are necessary to make the meaning clear. Besides Pausanias is fond of such appositions, and must be corrected wholesale if we are to drive them out of the text. On ix. 21, 6 Dr. Frazer defends a similar *τὰ θρηία* by appealing to the writer's usage, and adds "Herwerden in proposing to alter a host of similar passages in Pausanias is correcting Pausanias himself." In i. 4, 3, Dr. Frazer ought certainly to have accepted Kiehl's brilliant Μαλακοῦ for Λαμπακοῦ of the MSS. What has "The Lamian Gulf" to do with Thermopylae? Moreover, he accepts rightly a far more daring correction in reading "Ολμος with Leake for ὁ Λάμος in ix. 31, 7. It is a pity that Συκάδας for Καλάδης came under his notice too late to be adopted; he has, however, commended it in the Addenda. In i. 23, 6, Dindorf's *καπνύρων* and Siebelis' *καραπύρων* are both probable, while *καὶ πυρρών* can hardly be sound. But the most curious instance of excessive conservatism is to be found in i. 29, 2, where he retains Σατφόν, rejecting Heckler's Πάμφω. In viii. 35, 8, Pausanias distinctly tells us that Pamphos was the first poet who gave Artemis the name of Calliste. Is it likely that in another place he should say that the epithet Calliste as applied to Artemis is to be traced by a verse (of which there is no trace) of Sappho? In another passage, iii. 6, 3, Dr. Frazer rightly corrects his author by adducing a parallel passage from his own work and follows Siebelis in reading *φέλει* for *εἰλει*—a far more violent change. In ix. 28, 3, Madvig's *καὶ ποσούς* for *καὶ ὥρούς* seems quite indispensable, and we would suggest on ix. 37, 8 a similar alteration of *όπόσων* to *ποσῶν*, with the omission of *χρή*, which he transposes. We can only direct the attention of our readers to C. Roberts' beautiful correction of x. 29, 7, and express our surprise that

Dr. Frazer has not adopted it. Nothing could be more likely than the corruption of such a rare word as *φάρ* "rim, border" into *διὰ μέρη*, and the words are hardly translatable as they stand.

We cannot attempt to give even a sample of the excellence of the very ample and learned commentary; but we may say that, like the translation, it is in every way up to the high-water mark of modern scholarship.

BOTTICELLI AND SAVONAROLA.

"Scelta di Prediche e Scritti di Fra Girolamo Savonarola, con nuovi Documenti intorno alla sua Vita." Selected and edited by P. Villari and E. Casanova. Florence: Sansoni.

PROFESSOR VILLARI tells us in the preface to this book, that it had always been his intention to supplement his two, now famous, volumes on Savonarola by a third, which should contain a selection from the sermons and writings of the great Dominican preacher. Year after year had gone by, and still the project was deferred to some future occasion. "At length," adds Signor Villari, "Professor E. Casanova, once my pupil and now my friend, offered to collaborate with me, undertaking the harder and more laborious part of the enterprise." To many a stranger who, like myself, has ventured into the labyrinthine mazes of the Florentine Archives, and who already has had occasion to be grateful to Signor Casanova for his untiring courtesy and ready learning, the present volume will furnish a new proof of his scholarly care for documents. The book, like every other book of selections, has the limitations of its kind: the serious student is never satisfied with anything short of all the documents, entire, which bear upon his subject. But the aim of these selections is of a different nature; the popular diffusion of the works and doctrines of Savonarola. As such it has been admirably done; the selection is as well chosen as the editing is scholarly. It is not my present purpose to discuss the book in its relation to Professor Villari's "Life of Savonarola;" here I must confine myself to noticing two documents of no little importance which are now printed for the first time. The first of these, with which the volume commences, is taken from a codex in the Biblioteca Riccardiana, at Florence. It is an extract of a letter written by Fra Placido Cinozzi, one of the monks of San Marco, to the vicar-general of his order, "De vita et moribus reverendi patris fratris Hieronimi Savonarole . . . post mortem dicti Prophete." This biographical letter is among the very earliest of the many lives of the Prior of San Marco, written after his death; and it is of as much importance among such secondary documents, as the "Diario" of Luca Landucci is among contemporaneous evidences. The second document, which is now published for the first time, is of no little interest, apart from the light which it throws upon the story of Savonarola. "For a long time," says Signor Villari in his preface, "it has been known that Simone Filipepi, the brother of the painter Sandro Botticelli, was an ardent 'piagnone' who was present at the Trial by Fire, and who had written a chronicle of his own times, in which he discoursed much about Savonarola. . . . In the 'Giornate' of Lorenzo Violi, who wrote down from 'viva voce' nearly all the sermons of Savonarola, the statement is found more than once repeated, that in the workshop of Sandro Botticelli was gathered together 'un' accademia di scioperati,' who discoursed and disputed much about Savonarola. Violi adds that Simone, the brother of the painter, was frequently present there, and that he wrote down these discourses in his 'Cronaca,' 'a book in which the aforesaid Simone described all the notable things in those times.' And, adds this writer, 'his book, bound in boards,' was in the form of 'a little chronicle of current affairs of Italy, during those times; and I have seen this book and read it.' Up to the present time the 'Cronaca' of Simone Filipepi was thought to be lost beyond recovery: fortunately, however, a partial transcript of it has lately been discovered in the Library of the Vatican, in a volume containing various documents relating to Savonarola; and it is this transcript which Messrs. Villari and Casanova now print in its entirety, at the end of their volume. It consists of a series of ex-

tracts arranged under two heads: "Alcune Memorie notabili di fra Girolamo Savonarola," and "Nota di alcuni particolari pertinenti al Padre fra Girolamo Savonarola da Ferrara ecc." These notices extend from the time of Savonarola's preaching in Florence, until the death of Pope Alexander VI. The opening sentence is characteristic enough: "Fra Girolamo Savonarola of Ferrara began to preach in Florence in the year 1489, as a prophet, and as one sent by God, foretelling the tribulation of all Italy, and exhorting every one to repentance." It strikes the keynote of the whole "Cronaca," the insistence upon the divine mission of the preacher.

I find from my own researches in the Archives at Florence that Simone Filipepi was about a year older than his brother Sandro. In a document of the year 1457, their father, Mariano, states that Simone, who was then fourteen years of age, had been sent to Naples in the service of Paolo Rucellai, "annapoli chonpagholo rucjellaj." According to another document of 1480 Simone was still in that city, but without employment, "sanza aviamento;" and in a passage in his "Cronaca" he records by the way that in 1493 he was still at Naples in the service of a wealthy Florentine merchant, "al governo et servitij di un ricco et grandissimo mercante della nostra città." Shortly after Simone appears to have returned to his native city, and to have taken up his abode with his brother Sandro, the painter, consequent, perhaps, upon the death of their father Mariano. We know, however, with certainty that in 1498 Simone and Sandro made a declaration to the officials of the taxes, in which they state that they were jointly possessed of a "podere" or farm, without the Porta San Frediano in the parish of "sansipolcro;" and that they then lived together, according to Florentine custom, in the Via Nuova, now part of the Via Porcellana, in the house of Benincasa and Lorenzo Filipepi, the sons of their elder brother Giovanni, to whom the nickname "Il Botticello," which afterwards became the surname of the family, was originally applied. It is just here that our real interest in Simone Filipepi and his "Cronaca" lies; for he not only shared with his brother Sandro during these troubled times his home and board, but also his religious beliefs and aspirations, his dejections and consolations, and, above all things, his unflinching belief in the Divine mission of Savonarola. Those very party quarrels and spiritual disputations which exercised Sandro so much that he certainly neglected, even if, as Vasari states, he did not entirely abandon, his painting, and which, in the event, changed the whole course of his life and art, are here set down day by day, just as the painter himself must have apprehended them. And so this "Cronaca" becomes a sort of commentary upon Botticelli's last pictures; and especially upon that little painting of the Nativity in our own National Gallery, with its mystical inscription in Greek, which translated stands thus: "This picture, at the end of the year 1500, in the troubles of Italy, I, Alexander, in the half time after the time, painted according to the eleventh of St. John, in the second woe of the Apocalypse, in the letting loose of the devil for three and a half years; then he shall be chained according to the twelfth, and we shall see him trodden down as in this picture." There can be no doubt that Botticelli alludes, in this inscription, to the Second Woe of the Apocalypse, described in the eleventh chapter of the Book of the Revelation; and, moreover, that he believed the passage to be a prophecy of the events which were then passing in Florence. The "two witnesses" who should "prophesy a thousand, two hundred and three-score days, clothed in sackcloth" were Savonarola and Fra Domenico Buonvianio da Pescia: and the "three days and a half" during which the dead bodies of the two witnesses "shall lie in the street of the great city," after they have been killed by "the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit," a period of time identical with "the letting loose of the devil for three and a half years" in the Greek inscription, were understood to be the three and a half years succeeding the death of Savonarola; during which time, as Luca Landucci, among other contemporary writers, records "there was no reverence nor fear of shame left" in Florence. Sacred things were brought into ridicule,

Carnival was reintroduced with greater excesses than ever, and at night the streets seemed more like a region of hell than of a civilised city.

But I have no space to pursue such illustrations further. Elsewhere I shall hope to follow out all those chance lights which the "Cronaca" of Simone Filipepi throws upon the life of his brother; here I must be content to add that once, and once only, is Sandro mentioned by name in his brother's book. It is in one of the few authentic anecdotes of the painter which have come down to us. Done word for word into English, the plain, rude Tuscan of Simone Filipepi's story would run somewhat after this fashion:—"I will next copy out here a 'ricordo' which I made on the 2nd of November, 1499. Alessandro di Mariano Filipepi, my brother, one of the good painters which our city has had in these times, related in my presence, being in the house by the fire, about the third hour of the night, how that day in his shop, in the house of Sandro, he had been arguing with Doffo Spini about the case of Fra Girolamo, and, in effect, upon Sandro questioning him (because he knew that this Doffo had always been one of the principal persons who were present at his examination) that he should tell him the pure truth, what sins they found in Fra Girolamo that he deserved to make so vile an end; Doffo replied to him: Sandro, have I to tell you the truth? We never found in him any venial sin; much less was mortal sin found in him. Then Sandro said to him, Why did you make him die so vilely? He replied, It was not I, but Benozzo Federighi who was the cause of it. And if this prophet had not been put to death with his companions, and had they sent him back to San Marco, the people would have put us to the sack, and all cut to pieces." And so, it would seem, until he was called to that Heavenly Jerusalem, which living he had looked to have seen builded in his own City of Florence, Botticelli continued the devout follower of Fra Girolamo, and an unfaltering believer in the divine origin of his mission.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

UNADDRESSED LETTERS.

"Unaddressed Letters." Edited by Frank Athelstane Swettenham, K.C.M.G. London: Lane.

ESSAYISTS are so rare at the present time that they ought to be protected by criticism when they exhibit any conspicuous talent. There are probably a hundred novelists and about ten poets foisted upon public notice for one sincere and convinced disciple of Montaigne. We are among those who regret the pertinacity with which every young man or woman with a faint gleam of talent is pushed in the direction of narrative. If we had our way no one should be allowed to plunge into the facilities of romance without having served an apprenticeship to that stern and exacting Leah, the essay. We are therefore much inclined in favour of Sir Frank Swettenham, who comes forward with a bouquet of thirty-seven little reflective and descriptive dissertations, bound together by the slightest thread of relationship. He is not a perfect master of his art yet, but he has excellent dispositions, and a flavour of individuality which is both pleasing and promising.

Although, so far as we have observed, he does not once mention him, Sir Frank Swettenham is a pupil of Montaigne. So have all the best essayists been, for the great Frenchman invented a form of literature not easily to be improved, wherein an author shall delineate himself "in his own genuine, simple and ordinary fashion, without contention, art or study, for it is himself he portrays." What an essayist needs is to have this disposition to an honest egotism, and yet to have some peculiarity of condition which makes him able to impart what is novel and amusing even to those who are not delighted to hear about himself. We have always regretted that Stevenson, before he settled in the Pacific, had ceased to be an essayist. With his vision enriched by so many Pisgah-sights, superimposed on memories of the old world, he might have produced amazing results. This particular advantage of knowing strange peoples is possessed by Sir Frank Swettenham, who was (or, it may be, still is) Resident-General for the Malay Peninsula. A year or two ago he published

a volume of "Malay Sketches," which were read with enjoyment, so full were they of the light and colour of an unfamiliar world.

We come back again to the Sire of Château-Yquem, and we recall his curious phrase, "If my fortune had been to have lived among those nations, which yet are said to live under the sweet liberty of Nature's first and uncorrupted laws, I assure thee, I would most willingly have portrayed myself fully and naked." Would he have done so, and what did he conceal while giving us so copiously and so familiarly of his private thoughts? These are questions which have occupied the students of Montaigne. The latest of his pupils should be able to help us to an answer, for Sir Frank Swettenham has, to an unusual degree, lived among the nations that know no other law than the law of nature. Yet he is far from portraying himself nakedly and fully. His essays are discreet, subdued, almost stealthy in their emotions. It is perhaps their central feature that they produce the impression of a fire half smouldered under ashes, and that their restrained passion and crafty heat give them their peculiar unity of tone.

Whether the guise Sir Frank Swettenham has chosen for the presentation of his ideas on this occasion is a very skilful one or not, we are in doubt. It has its advantages and its disadvantages. He pretends that all these little essays are the correspondence of a dead friend, found among his papers, without address, returned to the executors—it would seem—by the woman to whom they were originally sent. He was in the tropics, she in England; some faint indications are vouchsafed of their relative attitudes, and these, while we admit their interest, alarm us as intruding too closely upon that easy province of fiction from which we seek to exclude the essayist. But the "unaddressed letters" are really diverse pieces of very independent orders. Here are passages of pure description, in which the author tries to reproduce the stupendous landscape of the Malay Peninsula; here are anecdotes and singularities of Eastern life; here are reflections on women, and on society, and on religion; here are indulgences in the agreeable practice of talking about one's self. Of these we value least what the author seems to pride himself most upon, namely, the descriptions. There is no question that he possesses the seeing eye, but he is hardly master of the pen which can describe, without an effect of gaudiness, such a swelling panoply of landscape. He loads his palette with sapphire and *rose-dorée*, and purple and pale green, but we are rather dazzled than gratified with the result. It needs a Ruskin, and no one less, to attempt these gorgeous descriptions yet not to overload the picture.

In his psychology, in those essays in which the landscape takes a secondary or illuminating part, Sir Frank Swettenham is more successful than in his deliberate descriptions. He is very skilful in combining Eastern properties with a mysterious flutter of the senses, as in "The Devi" and "A Rose and a Moth," or with the obsession of intense feeling, as in the "Jingling Coin" and "Of Worship." We have picked out these four essays with intention. They appear to us to represent, in different ways, the class of work in which Sir Frank Swettenham is more likely to excel than in any other. Here he is quite himself, and the shrouded, electric, tropical self that he reveals is interesting and even fascinating. He complains—in a maladroit passage which his good angel should have wiped out before it went to press—of the critics and their cruelty to his last and first book. We should not have known, but for this petulance, that they were cruel. Sir Frank Swettenham, if he is going to take his place in professional authorship, must learn to take his reviews philosophically.

He complains that the reviewers have compared him with Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We should never have done so, but if he must have the relation stated, it shall be. It is not wise of Sir Frank Swettenham to challenge this comparison, since his talent seems a frail, and an unaccomplished, and an amateurish one, put side by side with Mr. Kipling's. But—since he comes to mention it—the chapters in this book called "At a Funeral" and "Scandal and Bangles" would never have come into the world if Mr. Kipling had never written. Sir Frank Swettenham need not raise any

lamentation or protest. No man can resist the loadstone of his strongest contemporaries on their own ground. We will endeavour to comfort him by repeating that he has a talent of his own, which no one but an idiot—we confess that a good deal of reviewing seems to be done at Hanwell—would dream of comparing with that of Mr. Kipling, in spite of its Eastern colour and scene. It is far more like that of one who flourished in pre-Kipling days, *Pierre Loti*. If Sir Frank Swettenham cultivates this delicate, reserved, impassioned manner, and resists the temptation to make his style blaze when it should only glow, he is sure of a place among our living authors. It may not be a very large place, but it will be a freehold property.

PULEXIA HUMOUR.

"In Russia without Russian." By J. L. W. Page. London: Routledge.

A NEW word is badly wanted to describe the particular quality of this kind of writing. Mark Twain was its great progenitor; but what he did in the "Innocents Abroad" and "New Pilgrim's Progress" was done with some redeeming touches of real humour that are entirely wanting in the work of his many imitators, of whom Mr. Page is one of the dullest. With all the material ready to their hands for really interesting narratives of travel, such writers prefer to use their experience in foreign countries as a setting for the dreariest facetiousness and verbal jesting imaginable. Every reader must be painfully aware of the kind of thing we mean. A number of its "jokes" have become stereotyped, and of course Mr. Page, like all the rest of the company, scatters these about his book with a liberal hand. The chief of them is the hotel flea, and—but stay, surely we have here the very word we need. The "comme il faut" witticism on this subject is to refer to the insect in question as "Pulex irritans," and to enlarge upon the persistence of its attentions and the voracity of its disfiguring appetite. We are grateful for the word; it supplies a felt want, as the advertisement writer says. The "Pulex irritans" style it shall be henceforth. As a description of the effect of such books upon the mind of any sane reader, the phrase has an expressive aptness that we have often missed in the orthodox but unsatisfactory epithet—"New Humour." There is no need to confine its application to books of travel. It stands for a whole class of modern writing, from the weekly pennyworth of snippety light reading to the dazzling wit of Mr. Jerome. Mr. Page's capacity in this medium may be judged by his supreme accomplishment. His Russian journey was coincident with M. Felix Faure's visit to the Czar, and he has hit upon the fine idea of calling the French President "Vayleeks Vowr." He repeats this brilliant stroke more times than we have patience to count, works up to it for pages, and springs it as a climax upon the reader for the twentieth time with unwearyed enjoyment of its quality. It is evident that he regards it as the pink of all possible wit, the limit of human attainment in laughter-moving conceptions. And since, with such work, supremacy goes with increasing fatuousness, we may concede high pulexiate rank to Mr. Page on the strength of it.

INNOCENT RECREATION IN BOHEMIA.

"On Plain and Peak." By Randolph L. Hodgson. London: Constable.

IT sufficed the sportsman of olden time, once his days of active hunting were numbered and his javelin and crossbow hung over the entrance to his baronial hall, to summon his cronies to his table and there bore them with the recital of his triumphs in the chase. They drank his Malmsey and nodded over his narrative without resentment. Your modern Nimrod, however, posts his journal with the regularity of a bank cashier, and repairs on his return from foreign travel to the parlour of a publisher, with the likely result that, in a month's time, yet one more is added to the sporting books of the year. Those who, in the course of their reading, handle many of these mild records develop in time a remarkable prophetic instinct. Ere they turn the pages they know what the contents will be: the

invariable recipe for such literature is simpler far than that of many another resurrection pie. It may be asked, indeed, whether it is necessary to go abroad to produce such books, and whether the critics might not, one and all, be attracted by an irreproachable freshness of style in some equally aimless chronicles from the pen of one who, instead of wasting his precious weeks in the dank forests and hazardous mountain paths of southern Europe, should placidly attune his mind to the fauna and flora of those regions in the British Museum reading-room.

It cannot be claimed that Mr. Hodgson has squandered overmuch of hitherto unpublished information on these unpretentious pages, nor can he be congratulated on the results of his too frequent excursions in the by-paths of history and ethnology. There cannot be many people, even at Cambridge, who believe that "Bohemia is only a suburb of London"; and the death of Andreas Hofer has been related too picturesquely elsewhere for Mr. Hodgson to have ventured yet another account in the language of "Little Arthur's History." He had better far have kept to the subject with which he seems familiar, and held his pen as straight as, judging from his own account, he held his rifle. The sketches of sport with red and roe deer, chamois, capercailzie and other game are good of their kind, and the story of how a certain great personage's empty bag was, with the connivance of the crack shots of the party, "doctored" by an assiduous keeper, as well as a sly comparison of Lord de Grey's big records with those of a Continental sportsman who shoots owls and thrushes, lighten the monotony of the book. Most interesting and useful of all, though it should have formed an appendix, is the chapter on the official shooting statistics of Austria-Hungary.

The illustrations are many and good, the majority coming from the album of a well-known Berlin artist. Having seen a number of these before—judging, at least, from internal evidence—the present book was written, we cannot withhold a tribute to the skill with which they have been framed in a text so appropriate as to convey the impression that they were taken specially for this work. The book is well printed, but the author might, if he found it necessary to introduce in italics a German substantive on nearly every page, have employed the vernacular initial capital letter. With still better effect he might have substituted careful translations.

MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY WEBB.

"Problems of Modern Industry." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. London: Longmans.

WE confess that we did not expect this kind of thing from the Webbs. Surely they might have left to the booming novelist the plan of following up a successful publication with a collection of earlier work raked up from the magazines and reviews. This exploiting of the psychological moment of success for the purpose of working off imperfect productions upon the public is to be sternly deprecated in all cases, but especially in the case of authors with so serious a reputation as that of Mr. and Mrs. Webb. The publication of this collection of essays is entirely unnecessary. The student of social economy, who has been brought up to the point of regarding any Webb publication as a necessary addition to his stock of books, will invest in this volume only to find that he has had it all before. The best essay in the collection—that on the Jews in East London—is taken bodily from Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour of the People"; the essay on "Reform of the Poor Law," which first appeared in a monthly review nine years ago, has been already issued as a separate publication, and so comes out here at a third repetition; and most of the material contained in the remaining studies has been treated, since its first review appearance, far more exhaustively in the authors' elaborate works on Trade Unionism and Industrial Democracy. Its collection here, in its earlier scrappy and imperfect form, is a mere piece of bookmaking, an addition to the bulk, but certainly not to the substance, of the authors' work. At the very least they might have taken pains to revise the essays in the light of subsequent events. Some of the statistics have been

brought up to date, but a great deal of matter that is now sadly belated has been allowed to stand as it was first written; for example, in his essay on Poor-law Reform Mr. Webb tells us that "no Poor-law administration will be stable until those responsible enjoy the confidence of the public, now effectually destroyed by the defective manner of their election. The reform of the administrative machinery of the Poor-law is, therefore, a matter of vital importance, especially in the metropolis. . . . We need in our Poor Law representative government one man one vote on the County Council register, uniform triennial elections, exclusion of all J.P.'s and other nominated members, abolition of rating qualification," and so forth.

That was all very well in 1890, when this essay was written; but why it should be reprinted in 1898, four years after these reforms have been embodied in law, and when the whole controversy is over and done with, passes our understanding. Its interest is quite of the antiquarian kind by this time. The Local Government Act of 1894 completely revolutionised the machinery of Poor-law administration. Instead of carefully rewriting his essay in the light of that Act, Mr. Webb exasperates his readers for several pages with such obsolete stuff as we have just quoted, and thinks it sufficient to bring the thing up to date to add a foot-note of three lines stating that "these proposals were in substance adopted by the Government in 1894, and embodied in the Local Government Act of that year." The process of filling up one's pages with old articles scissored and pasted for a new printer may be less troublesome than careful and efficient re-writing; but an author with any reputation for accuracy can hardly indulge in it with impunity.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP AS DISCIPLE OF
MR. JEROME K. JEROME.

"Wives in Exile." By William Sharp. London: Grant Richards.

THIS story, if it is nothing else, is a testimony to Mr. Sharp's versatility as a writer and to his audacity. We confess to becoming a little bewildered in the contemplation of an intelligence that yesterday followed its vocation in the manner of Maeterlinck (we protest only in the manner) and to-day in that of Mr. Jerome. If, however, we are unable to accept Mr. Sharp as a Belgian Shakespeare, we can extend to him a cordial welcome as a new humourist of quite the approved type. He must not take it amiss, then, if we temper our appreciation in the first instance by a protest. We demur to his calling his story "A Comedy in Romance." It is not quite that; the truth is that it is purely and simply farce, and we cannot help feeling that Mr. Sharp missed an excellent title in not naming it "Two Women in a Boat, not to speak of the Cat." Now, it is a motive common to farce, it is one of the essential ideas of that particular kind of art, that when husbands invent a subterfuge in order to take a little jaunt *en garçon*, that their wives should make reprisals. The distinction in this idea lies merely in its antiquity; it is a sort of megalithic remain of the tradition of farce. The only novel treatment of which the idea is susceptible consists in the form the reprisals take. Mr. Sharp's heroines have two schemes to choose from; one, to pursue their husbands under some obvious disguise; the other, to run away from them. They choose the latter alternative. They charter a yacht for the purpose, man it, so to speak, with a crew of women, and set sail from Dublin Bay amply provisioned with cigarettes, champagne and cognac. The jest of the adventure derives an edge from the fact that neither of the adventurers is a good sailor; this provides Mr. Sharp with an opportunity for dilating on the humours of sea-sickness, an opportunity of which he takes full advantage. A whole chapter is indeed almost entirely devoted to describing the qualms of the two nereids, as the author seldom wearies of calling his heroines. The name of the yacht, the "Belle Aurore," is, too, an endless source of amusement, as may be imagined with an unlettered crew, who call it variously the "Belly O'Rory" and the "Hooroarer." Mr. Sharp's ingenuity in devising witticisms of this kind is apparently inexhaustible; for tomatoes we have tommatoes; for

Harp of Eria, 'Arp of Hearn; for methylated spirits, methylogical spirits, and other such verbal felicities as are calculated to set the table in a roar. Mingled with these gaieties there are superfine descriptions of the sea, of the sky, of a sunset, and here and there we encounter a phrase of such pure poetry as "golden hours shod with silence." And Mr. Sharp, like Mr. Jerome, occasionally forgetful of his farcical theme, startles us by a bit of profound moralising, as thus: "A favouring wind! What magic in the phrase! It is what we all seek, what some of us find without seeking, what we so often as not turn our backs upon." But possibly he excels most in his touches of portraiture. Take, for instance, this description of Polly Jones, the cabin-girl; "The child had something of the appearance and much of the solidity of the average suet dumpling." Is it not a perfect cameo? Again, "Jacob Macmasters wiped his mouth with his sleeve as though removing the invisible froth of imaginary beer." Does not the image impart a living significance to the gesture! Still, for sheer, side-splitting humour, we know of nothing surpassing this way of turning a phrase, "Captain Wester had been beaten on her own ground, or, to be more apt, on her own water." But readers must go to the book itself: our sides are aching.

For the rest, it were superfluous, in view of the preliminary puffs of the book in the common prints, to do more than touch upon the yacht's adventures. It is at first becalmed, and then there is a storm (during which the cat is drowned); the heroines are also nearly drowned on a swimming expedition, and are saved by as nice a pair of cads as ever Mr. Jerome's discriminating genius mistook for gentlemen. Finally the husbands give chase; there is a shipwreck and all ends rapturously, "over and over the married lovers kissed and hugged each other, then turned and kissed the 'opposite side,'"—whatever that may mean!

We do not remember to have read any book by Mr. Sharp with greater edification. We much prefer that a writer, whose *métier* is so obviously to write nonsense, should, as in the present instance, deal with a subject that is entirely suited to his manner. Following on these lines Mr. Sharp should go far.

CREATION RECORDS IN EGYPT.

"Creation Records discovered in Egypt." By George St. Clair. London: Nutt.

M R. ST. CLAIR in his preface deprecates a comparison with Mr. Casaubon, the discoverer of the "Key to all Mythology," and he certainly has the advantage over George Eliot's "Gelehrte," that he has produced something at once definite and complete. The astronomical interpretation of myths is, of course, as old as the hills, and no scholar denies that Egyptian myths are characteristically astronomical. Nor is there anything novel in the assertion that the Egyptian priests were attentive students of solar and stellar phenomena, and probably kept careful records of observations. Many books have been written—we will not flourish the red rag of Piazzi Smyth—to prove that the Egyptian monuments are essentially astronomical, that the temples and pyramids of the Nile Valley are observatories carefully oriented to mark some special rising or setting of the sun, or some bright particular star, and that the worship of the Egyptians had a direct relation to these recurring phenomena. A good many students have devoted much research and remarkable ingenuity to the elaboration of this theory. Most notable of all, Professor Sir J. Norman Lockyer has set forth very definite opinions indeed on the subject. His "Dawn of Astronomy" contained a beautifully complete and satisfying explanation of the foundations of Egyptian mythology and the special objects of Egyptian temples. It was so attractive, indeed, that one felt something must be wrong about it, and the ominous silence of Egyptologists on the subject of his discoveries confirms the impression. But then, the Professor would say, these men of learning, buried in their own hieroglyphic sarcophagi, don't understand astronomy. The retort is obvious. The astronomers don't know hieroglyphics, and so the two remain mutually incomprehensible.

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Mr. St. Clair is no mere follower of Sir Norman Lockyer, from whom indeed he is sometimes hardy enough to dissent openly. His book is the result of a wide study of everything that has been published in the way of hieroglyphic records and ancient astronomical data. He has bestowed much labour upon working out his thesis, which is, briefly, that all Egyptian mythology is based upon astronomical observation, and hangs together as a whole, and that it represents "a true story of astronomical progress, calendar correction, and theological changes, before the time of our written histories." How he makes this out by patient and ingenious explanation of the sundry changes in religious worship due, as he holds, to observed variations in prominent astronomical phenomena—such as the motion of the polar axis, the shifting of the solstices, &c.—must be studied in the book itself: to reveal it here would be as unfair as to unmask the plot of a detective story; besides, it would fill an entire number of the "Saturday Review." How the fond and foolish Egyptians worshipped Ptah, the firegod of the Pole, who twisted the polar axis as a savage twists his fire-stick, until they discovered that the untrustworthy Ptah was himself shifting about and so dislocating their religious festivals; how they invented Ptah's seven pigmy sons, to account for the seven degrees of the equinoctial movement which upset their calculations in the course of 500 years; how Ra the sun sat in the seat of Ptah, and the solstice ruled the calendar; how Hermes played with Selene at counters, after misbehaving himself sadly with Rhea, and won the five days which had to be added to the luni-solar year, and how these things were represented in Egyptian myths; how there still remained a quarter of a day to account for, typified in the secret unobserved birth of Horus, and how Isis discovered the day that was wanting in—all things—the missing member of Osiris, and so the calendar was once more rectified, and Ra and Osiris embraced each other in unity;—all these curious matters may be read *in extenso* in Mr. St. Clair's comprehensive pages. Nor does he stop short at Egypt. He brings Stonehenge, the Beltane fires, and all sorts of ancient parallels, to illustrate his theories. He can trace the changes of the equinoxes even in Virgil.

"Candidus auratis aperit quum cornibus annum
Taurus."

The year began in Aries in Virgil's day; so this reference to the Bull shows that there must have been popular traces of the earlier age, when the sun was in Taurus at the vernal equinox. The same explanation applies, said Mr. Richard Proctor, to the line—

"Iam reddit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna"—in the Pollio (where Mr. St. Clair has a trivial misprint in "redunt"): for how could Virgo be associated with summer unless the sun entered her sign at the solstice, as he did in the fourth millennium before Christ? The Sibyl, of course, knew this; but we take it Virgil did not, and whether he meant summer at all, or the zodiacal virgin even, is perhaps a matter of speculation. However, this need not disturb Mr. St. Clair, whose astronomico-mythological theories are quite independent of any such extraneous assistance. Whether he has proved his point is another question. We should like to have the opinion of Herr Professor Doctor Wiedemann, for nobody in England seems to possess a voice on the matter. All we can say is that, granted his astronomical soundness (and he cites the high authority of the sages of Greenwich), and granted also (but this is a much larger admission) that the Egyptian records tally historically with his theory of mythological development, Mr. St. Clair has set forth an explanation of the dark sayings of the "Book of the Dead" and the strange diversities of Egyptian worship in a manner which would be convincing if it were not so captivating. At all events, this is a book to read, mark, learn, and (if possible) inwardly digest.

SOME MEDICAL BOOKS.

"A System of Medicine by Many Writers." Edited by Prof. T. C. Allbutt. Vol. V. London: Macmillan.

THE Fifth Volume of this great Medical Treatise is devoted entirely to diseases of the organs of respiration and circulation and is, characterised by the

careful and exhaustive treatment with which the earlier volumes have made us familiar. Perhaps the most important section is that on Pulmonary Phthisis, by Dr. Percy Kidd. Notwithstanding the painfully large experience of this disease, a careful writer has to confess that, in a large number of ways, knowledge of the habits of the disease is yet most uncertain. Its geographical distribution is coextensive with the habitable regions of the globe, and it is most severe where population is thickest. Climate has little effect upon it; in Iceland the mortality from it is very low, in North Greenland it is the most common cause of death; at Tunis and Alexandria it is prevalent; Morocco, Algiers and the interior of Egypt are distinguished by a remarkable immunity. A damp sub-soil has been thought particularly favourable to the disease, but increased drainage has, in more than one locality, been attended by an actual increase of the disease. Dr. Kidd regards Koch's bacillus as the unquestioned cause of the disease. On the whole, it has been assumed that this bacillus could only flourish within the bodies of animals, although in a desiccated state it has a prolonged vitality; Dr. Kidd, however, quotes experiments recently made by Sir H. Beevor, in which growth in cultures of the bacillus was obtained at a temperature of 60° Fahrenheit, thus suggesting the possibility that the disease may have a habitat outside animal bodies. Further experiments are urgently required, because a disease which may possibly grow in external natural media, such as soil or water, requires preventive measures different from those applied to a purely parasitic organism. In discussing modes of infection, Dr. Kidd gives a balance of evidence in favour of regarding infection by breathing dried material from the sputum of patients as the most probable and common form. He does not think the evidence in favour of tuberculous meat as a source of the disease among human beings very strong. In the matter of remedies, he describes the sudden rise into notoriety, and as sudden abandonment, of a long series of supposed specifics, such as tuberculin and a number of chemical substances; but he does not believe in the present existence of any specific at all. While this treatise is admirable from the medical and practical side, it is to be regretted that more space was not found for consideration of the biological side of the relation of phthisis to inheritance and to inherited immunity. Its remarkable virulence when first introduced to the natives of the South Sea Islands and many similar phenomena clearly indicate that a continual elimination of those most subject to it, have given the northern races a relative immunity. We should like to see a fuller treatment of the case for preventive regulation by a definite classification of this scourge among the infection diseases with resulting notification and isolation of all cases.

"Wasted Records of Disease." By Charles E. Paget, Lecturer on Public Health in the Owens College, Medical Officer of Health for the County Borough of Salford. London: Arnold.

For the point of view of preventive medicine and for the scientific study of disease, it is of first-rate importance that full records of disease, as it occurs from week to week throughout the country, should be accessible. It is to be noticed that death-rates from different diseases do not in the least represent correctly the sanitary condition of any district. Those who die from any complaint, even although it be in a severe epidemic form, represent a small proportion of those who actually contract the disease, and, in consequence, only a small proportion of the actual pecuniary loss, suffering and discomfort. From time to time spirited private and public bodies, especially in the provinces, have led the way in attempting to do what the State should do in all matters relating to disease. The Compulsory Notification Act was a tardy recognition by Government of what was already in operation in many districts, but there is no mechanism by which the results of this Act can be made of general use. The returns sent in to the Local Government Board are marked "Not for Publication," and, in consequence, form an enormous mass of wasted records. Mr. Paget makes the strongest possible plea for the regular classified publication of the prevalence of disease over England.

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It is inevitable that his plea should succeed some time. For the present we can only hope that it will serve to prepare the strong pressure of public opinion under which alone Governments in our modern parliamentary times appear to act in matters of general importance.

"The Origin of Disease resulting from Intrinsic as Opposed to Extrinsic Causes." By A. V. Meigs, M.D., Physician to the Pennsylvania Hospital. London and Philadelphia : Lippincott.

Mr. Meigs is setting up a little wall of sand against the advancing tide of modern knowledge. He himself may be of the opinion that the "contagious entity" in extrinsic diseases is a poison absolutely unknown, and may be "solid, gaseous, or of some composition as yet beyond our understanding." It is true that as yet there is no certainty as to the nature of the contagium in small-pox and measles, but in the vast majority of diseases it is becoming more and more certain that the exciting cause is a living organism as specific in each case as the seed of any plant. On the other hand, every disease is a reaction of the normal body to abnormal circumstances, whether these abnormal circumstances be the intrusion of a vegetable parasite or no. Mr. Meig's "King Charles" head is morbid fibrosis, an undue proliferation of the fibrous tissues of the body, and he attempts to show that in a large number of diseases this morbid habit of a tissue is the exciting cause. He may have succeeded in showing that such degenerative changes are symptoms of disease more commonly present than was supposed; but medical science has got beyond the stage of seeking in a single symptom, even if it be invariable, the cause of even a single disease.

"Lectures on the Action of Medicines." By T. Lauder Brunton, M.D., F.R.S. London : Macmillan.

The Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons have in late years acquired the habit of a restless tampering with the subjects in the curriculum for their licences to practise in medicine and surgery. One of their evanescent reforms, actually abolished before an examination had been held, was the elaboration of a syllabus in pharmacology. However, it had the useful result of inciting Dr. Lauder Brunton to the preparation of this volume, which he tells us has been printed from short-hand notes taken during his course of lectures. There is in consequence a simplicity and vivacity of treatment somewhat rare in a grave treatise, and as the lecturer is one of the most distinguished of living authorities on his subject, his volume is as important as it is pleasant. We are able to commend it heartily to professional men and to general readers.

"Molière and his Medical Associations. Glimpses of the Court and Stage. The Faculties and Physicians of the Grand Siècle." By A. M. Brown, M.D. London : The Cotton Press.

Molière was almost the inventor of the physician as a figure in comedy, and, in English literature, from Fielding to Charles Reade, the prototypes of Molière appear in a thousand guises. Dr. Brown has conceived the pleasant idea of writing a study of the medical contemporaries of the great dramatist, and of tracing the origin of the historical figure of the pedantic, ignorant Leech, with Galen on his lips and the cupping-glass in his hands. He draws an interesting figure of the final struggles of the old traditional school of practitioners against the experimentalists who followed Harvey, and, were it necessary, he makes the creations of Molière more real and intelligible.

"The South African Climate." By William C. Scholtz, M.D. London : Cassell.

An excellent and practical handbook on the advantages and dangers of the South African climate.

"Scientific Method in Biology." By Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. London : Stock.

An Anti-Vivisection pamphlet of the ordinary type.

"SELF AND COMRADES."

"Self and Comrades." By C. Stein. London : Vinton.

THIS little volume contains a number of short stories illustrating life in the army which are now reprinted

from the numbers of "Baily's Magazine," in which they originally saw the light. Naturally such experience must have an interest for brother officers, but if they, as is suggested by the author, were all based on actual occurrences coming under his personal notice, we think they would have gained in piquancy had they taken the form of reminiscences, and had the true names of the actors in them been given. We find it difficult to become interested in the 200th Lancers, and the heroes with pseudonymic names who flit through the pages, whereas had the real men been shown us we should have followed their careers in quite another spirit. The writer is at his best when dealing with the turf, and can describe a race with all the vividness and go of a Whyte Melville or Hawley Smart. The story of Dalton and "Oakapple" at Punchestown is excellent in its way, and those who can look back thirty years or so will be able to recognise amid the sport and frolic in Ireland many a gay soldier whose name was a household word in the mess-rooms of that merry time. Soldiering was not so serious a profession then as it has become since. There were few or no examinations for promotion, no staff rides, autumn manoeuvres as we see them now, no selection, and no linked battalions. There was more fun in life, more time for hunting and sport, and an officer was chiefly valued very often by his performances across country or between the flags. Neither had the Land League impoverished the Irish landlords; hospitality reigned supreme, and the peasantry loved the soldier as much as the Dublin carmen did. We can recognise many an incident and many a regiment through the thin disguise which is thrown over them, but after thirty years or more the mask is scarcely necessary, and no feelings would have been outraged had the author let his pen run a little more naturally and freely. His tales of the Indian Mutiny are less convincing than those which centre in sport, just because the incidents or their counterparts are less easily recognised, and we do not feel so certain that they are true. Stories about fighting are now nothing if not personal. Many memories of distinguished soldiers have of late been published, and are often so full of hairbreadth escapes and adventures that no fiction can compete with them, and where imaginary names and titles are used the public will scarcely be persuaded to regard as more than fiction tales unballasted by the realism of a personal narrative. But the scenes in Ireland are unmistakeably lifelike, and so also are the less humorous pictures of Indian race meetings. They must recall to hundreds of officers bright reminiscences of their salad days, of a time when they had few or no responsibilities, when the horizon of life was unclouded, when there seemed to be nothing so brilliant as to win a steeplechase except to win two. But bright little surprises lit on in the pages of a magazine lose much of their charm when unrelieved by other matter, and may pall when following one another in rapid succession as they do here. Though quails break pleasantly the course of a menu, a dinner composed of nothing else might scare us away.

VERSE.

"A Twilight Teaching, and other Poems." By Lala Fisher. London : Unwin.

WHY any one should be at the pains of writing bad verse, when life offers so many more amusing occupations, is confessedly a mystery; but we hold it a problem still more hopeless of solution why any one should be found to print bad verse when it is written. The matter is referable, it must be supposed, to the general problem of human sin, for we decline to believe, for instance, that Mr. Fisher Unwin really thought that any good purpose, commercial or otherwise, would be served by the publication of Mrs. Fisher's frantic nonsense. Mrs. Fisher is an Australian, and she has a baby, of whom she incidentally remarks that "English he ne'er could master well;" which shows how strong is heredity. She is obviously an excellent wife and daughter, and she rejoices in the friendship of Miss Florrie Schmidt, and Mr. Jack Dank Gool and Miss Nelly Brown, who no doubt deserve all the nice things she says of them. Moreover, Mrs. Fisher is in trouble about Cleopatra's soul, and stretches her hand across Time's heaving waves unto-

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the spirit fleet of that lady, who, as the poetess justly remarks, is dead. Further testimony to the catholicity of her sympathies is supplied by the following verses, taken from a poem called "At Eventide," and quoted as a really remarkable example of triumphant badness :

"Byron, Jonson, Leigh Hunt, Keats, Beethoven,
Charlotte Brontë and Chopin are there;
Marie Bashkirtseff, whose hopes were woven
With the wan strands of Death's dusky hair.
Jenny Lind, Marcus Clarke, and dear Newman,
Whose face bears the imprint of prayer,
Gather round, and the darkness illumine
As they pass and repass everywhere.

"Lindsay Gordon, sweet Kendall, and Stella,
With Schiller and Swift, saunter past,
And I bend to Vanessa and tell her
That I think they are happy at last.
Near are Chatterton, Tennyson, Severn,
With Goldsmith, and Cowper and Sterne,
Heine and Rousseau, who fill up my heaven,
Where I watch, worship, listen and learn."

If the "sweet Kendall" of these extraordinary lines be the chaste matron of the English stage we cannot think she will be happy in such company. And in any case, if Australia continues to produce such verse as this, we are determined to oppose Imperial Federation with our latest breath.

"Wroxall Abbey, and Other Poems." By David Davenport. London : Kegan Paul.

We have no particular quarrel with Mr. Davenport, who is plainly a gentleman and a scholar, though he does so far forget himself as to offer "upris'n" as a rhyme to "heaven." His verse is for the most part refined and lucid, and has no doubt given him pleasure in the writing. It has an unobtrusively devotional tendency, and suggests that Mr. Davenport, who is moral and not ashamed, might write excellent hymns. But he has little genuine lyric impulse and no humour, and is, on the whole, slightly less exhilarating than Mrs. Hemans or Dr. Watts.

"A Dream of Paradise." By Robert Thomson. London : Elliot Stock.

Mr. Thomson, it appears, was once a clergyman of the Church of England, and a perusal of his "Dream of Paradise" leads us to wish that he had remained in a position whose responsibilities would have kept him out of mischief. He has preferred, however, to go about to concoct a religious poem which is scarcely less preposterous than the works of "Satan" Montgomery, to whose writings, indeed, it offers a close parallel in respect of that concreteness in dealing with the highest mysteries of faith which is almost blasphemous and wholly vulgar. Fortunately it is impossible to take Mr. Thomson very seriously, for one cannot treat otherwise than with ridicule a writer who, recounting the vision of glorified martyrs, is capable of saying of the scars left by the rack and the tiger's claw, that

"Each is transformed into a beauty-spot!"

WORDSWORTH'S AND COLERIDGE'S "LYRICAL BALLADS."

"Lyrical Ballads." By William Wordsworth and S. T. Coleridge. 1798. Edited, with certain Poems of 1798 and an Introduction and Notes, by Thomas Hutchinson. London : Duckworth.

A REPRINT of the "Lyrical Ballads" exactly as they appeared in 1798, with the original title page in *fac-simile*, would be a welcome literary curiosity ; a reprint of the second edition of 1800, with the famous preface, would also be acceptable to all lovers of English poetry. But the present volume is neither one thing nor the other and can serve no conceivable end whatever. It certainly gives us the ballads and poems printed in 1798 ; but it gives, in addition, "Peter Bell" and other poems written by Wordsworth and Coleridge ; in other words, it gives what every one possesses who has any tolerably good edition of the works of those poets, and does not happen to be scrupulous about "variants." It seems to us a great mistake to flood the book market and crowd bookshelves

and libraries with mere works of supererogation, presumably to gratify a desire on the part of men and women to connect their names with those of eminent writers. Mr. Hutchinson has done his work carefully, but he has done what it was perfectly easy to do and what, when done, was not worth doing, as it has been done *usque ad nauseam* before. He has, moreover, all the exasperating bibliographical pedantry of such editors as Professor Knight. The inanity of some of the notes is almost incredible. Dr. Garnet (C.B., LL.D.) has, we are told, in his "History of Italian Literature," made the important discovery that when Wordsworth wrote of a pond, " 'Tis three feet long and too feet wide," he was recalling Chiabrera's description of his house. "De cui l'ampiezza venticinque braccia Forse consumte." But we must do Mr. Hutchinson the justice to say that he seems half ashamed of noticing this — "It is perhaps scarcely necessary to find a warranty for these two lines," &c. Why will editors go on threshing straw and rehashing *crambe repetita*? If, instead of spinning out his Introduction and Notes with bibliographical matter which has long been accessible to every one to whom it is of interest, Mr. Hutchinson had shown in what way and to what extent the "Lyrical Ballads" had been anticipated, where they were new, and in what relation they stood respectively to the poetry which preceded and followed them, his work might have been of some interest as well as of some use. As it is, it is very difficult to see to what class of readers it will appeal.

VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

"The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance, with an Index to their Works." By Bernard Berenson. New York and London : Putnams.

M R. BERENSON'S work on Venice is an essay of seventy pages of letterpress, with twenty-four full-page reproductions of some of the most beautiful Venetian paintings. While the reproductions can hardly be surpassed in their particular process, we still think all that sort of work will have to be done by hand some time or other. The photo processes do not give the relations of colour, nor the detail within deep shadows, as hand-work can. The essay is much above the average critical essay, and while lacking in the fire and enthusiasm which is so beautiful a feature of Ruskin's garrulity, yet it shines with a fine sincerity and acuteness of perception. We are told that the Italian Renaissance was the youth of Italy ; and that the attainment of perfect technical power in Venice during Titian's life was the nation's arrival at disillusioned manhood ; while Italy's senility was soon after this shown in the manufacture of spurious Giorgiones, Veroneses, and Titians, by men like Padovanino, Liberi, &c. Mr. Berenson, however, hardly makes out a strong case in fencing off the premonitory symptoms of nineteenth-century realism exhibited in pictures by Guardi and Canale from any direct touch with the romantic and realistic schools that have arisen since they died. The book is full of pungently phrased insight set side by side with misconceptions that sometimes arise from too much sympathy with the dead spirit of Romanism, and at other times from too little sympathy with that modern fury for freedom which in its very birth was the active agent in enclosing within the wattled folds of the churches all the dulness and inertia that tried for so long to paralyse progress in science and art. Somewhat ponderous—still a very luminous and tasteful book.

RECENT FICTION.

"Men, Women and Things." By F. C. Philips. London : Duckworth.

M EN, to Mr. F. C. Philips, are, for the most part, either cavalry officers, philanderers and fools ; or actors, philanderers and fools. Women are almost invariably actresses, philanderers and — sticks. They have brains enough, in many of the stories, to over-act a little farce, by way of obtaining a cheap "score" over one of the cavalry officer crew. In any case, the main idea is love-making. Mr. Philips's "Things" are little flirtations, little tricks, tiny little stage-passions, airy little nothings—very pleasing to skim, one at a time, on a hot day, when the Underground Railway

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has caused the critical faculty to ooze out at one's every pore. The tales are the work of a journalist who has forgotten that he once was a literary man. Uncomfortable twinges of memory visit him on occasion and he stumbles upon a living phrase or two, a fine effect here and there, only to free himself at once and give us a hundred pages of unpardonable cheap sprightliness. "The Pink Pinafore" was evidently written under the influence of a twinge. Trivial as it is, it is real—a *moment sais*—and a moment charged with pathos. Turn a few pages and you come to "He was a pretty pink and white boy, Bertie Vyner, with a complexion that was the envy of every débutante he danced with, and a natural wave in his hair that the débutante's crimping irons were powerless to imitate"—and so on. What aggravates is not the shallowness of it all so much as the fact that nearly every story has a potential effect in it or a clever idea that might have come to something in different hands—or even in the author's, had he but chosen. Take the second story in the book, "The Test of Ridicule." By way of punishing an arrant male flirt, a young woman lets him make love to her under the impression that her husband is alive, as indeed he is. At the most ardent moment she announces that she is a widow, and affects to take all that has gone before as an offer of immediate marriage. In spite of the philanderer's obvious horror she enlarges upon the joys of the future, and the comfort it will be to her four (imaginary) children to have a stepfather. The situation is full of fun. One can imagine how, say, Anthony Hope, would have treated it, the dialogue advancing delicately to greater and greater fervour, the adroit cooling after the discovery, the demure mischief of the "widow." Mr. Philips has his own ideas as to the handling of such a situation and the manners of an English peer. In the first place Lord Crampton has not been ten minutes with the lady before he presses her to an immediate elopement,—the last step to which a real philanderer would commit himself. When the trap is disclosed, he "determines to be frank," and observes, "I don't like widows," and afterwards, "I had no idea she had four brats"—all the pretty comedy of the thing choked by the coarse crudity of the treatment. The end is worthy of the rest. The hostess of the insulted woman is bound to secrecy on the condition that Crampton marries her favourite sister, to which he consents, having proved himself vulgar humbug enough to deserve her. It may seem like breaking a butterfly to spend serious criticism on a farcical trifle; but Mr. Philips should not build his farcical trifles with such clumsy material if we are to remember their airy intention. We are quite alive to the humour of his idea. It is his own fault if disgust kills laughter in his readers.

"The London Year Book." London: The Grosvenor Press. (Second year of issue.)

This is a very entertaining hotch-potch, a sort of "enquire within about everything for this year only." The hints as to Travel, Current Literature, Gardening, and so on, are all careful and conscientious. The literary matter—stories and sketches—is distinctly good. Among "Brevets of London Character," for instance, the Diary of Lizzie Simpson, the A. B. C. girl, is excellent. A Mr. William Lawler contributes a somewhat forcible-feeble satire in verse. His portraits of Mr. H. G. Wells and Sidney Low are peculiarly inept. Women are patronised, more in sorrow than in anger.

"Ah, gentle sex, yet foolish hopelessly,
I love you, and despise you, equally."

This is really very severe. What have women done to incur Mr. William Lawler's love?

"The White-headed Boy." By George Bartram. London: Unwin.

Contemporary fiction has an occasional surprise. The Kailyard school revealed the somewhat bewildering fact that a writer may be a Scotchman and an unconscious humorist; now the Irish Celt would seem anxious to divest himself of his most engaging quality, his quality of humour, and we scarcely know which spectacle we find the least edifying. "No man could paint the

utter greyness of their dark hours; or, being able, could bear to do it," says Mr. Bartram, himself an Irishman, speaking of the Kerry peasant. Again: "I tell you, ninety-nine-hundredths of her time Ireland is sobbing or keening. . . . No matter what the books may say, the Irish peasant in his own land is generally a son of Sorrow." Mr. Bartram wisely refrains from doing what no man, being able, could bear to do, and paints for us vividly enough the Irish peasant at the psychological moment when he is having his fling. The result is a picture possessing some sort of a pathological interest, but scarcely a picture that we should care to live with. It depicts the traditional Irishman as the ingenuous Sassenach has conceived him, and it invests him with a few new qualities. Mr. Bartram's portrait is, on the whole, refreshingly frank; he places his countrymen in the dock, as it were, and then proceeds to make a somewhat hysterical defence. The reader unwittingly finds himself in the position of a judge who has not to sum up the quality of a piece of fiction, but to send a whole people, with a few exceptions, to penal servitude. We are not squeamish over a broken head or so, so long as it is not our own head, and our only objection to an Irish row is an objection to being mixed up in it. But such an exploit as described in the chapter entitled "Blood on the Hearthstone" makes our blood run cold; it reveals a peculiarly revolting sort of criminal, a cowardly, treacherous, murdering creature, an aspect of the Celtic temperament which we confess frankly we detest. We hope that Mr. Bartram will take his art more seriously in his next book, that he will be content to be a mere observer of life, and not take up the position of a defending counsel in a hopeless case.

"The Defeat of Avarice," by Theresa Molyneux (Digby, Long), is a truly delicious work. The italics are charming. "At these words Miss Peggy *wincing* and with a look of contempt at Violet said," &c. "Saying this, Miss Peggy looked at Miss Sophia, as though to say, *it is settled*." The inverted commas, too, are very coy: they often consent to come when a character begins speaking, but seldom are to be found when he has finished; and at such words as "don't" and "won't" they determinedly draw the line. There is a piteous love story, with a wailing and sobbing hero. "As he pursued his lonely, dreary way, his tears fell thick and fast." "Oh, what a cruel fate is mine, sobbed he; torn from the one I love best on earth. My hopes of meeting her again deferred, seems to put the climax to my misery." This page of the poor book put the climax to ours, and the rest will be found to be uncut—a clear proof of the shameless corruption of reviewers.

"Can it be True?" by G. Yeates Hunter, S.M.D. (Digby, Long), purports to be "a psychological study," and gives sinister hints from time to time of a foundation on fact. The author cannot punctuate, and his manner of speech is sometimes weirdly elliptical, as on page 54: "To eagerly perform her slightest wish, to clasp my arms around, to kiss dear lips. To hold a hand, to look in eyes ere the dread eclipse falls," and so on. All the same, there is a distinct notion of a plot about the book and a naïve enthusiasm which is catching. A great many of the characters succeed in thoroughly shocking their creator. He breaks off every now and then to hold his hands up. "Unnatural wickedness! and yet the tender blue of heaven bent over them and nature gave no sign." Occasionally, a sentence seems darkness itself, such as the following one—"The Hindoos, who have not advanced, say when they meet Ram Ram, viz., invoke a blessing, whereas we of the West who have put on a little extra veneer and complacently call ourselves civilised, exchange a bow for a curtsey, or *vice versa*." Put in the commas, inverted and other, and a little sense breaks through. As long as the book tells a straightforward tale, its lunatics and murderers and improper people are quite interesting. When the author attempts a character-sketch of any kind, his utter lack of all art is his undoing. What could be worse, for instance, than making the almost imbecile Miss Linton say, when she is pressing her nephew to take holy orders: "Of course, be in the fashion and hold ritualistic views, for you know smart people on Sunday patronise their Creator, and even

descend to recognise their Saviour." This is Mr. (or Dr.) Yeates Hunter's own little vein of sarcasm; in him it is disarming—in Miss Linton, simply foolish. But for the S.M.D. which awes us on the title-page, we should say the book was written by a young woman.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.

THE number of new songs which are being continually placed on the market is appalling. It is difficult to understand what eventually becomes of them all. The publishers seem to treat song-publishing as a game of chance. It may not be an amusing game, but it is generally remunerative. Ballads by popular writers are certain to make some profit; while in the gambling department—we mean the publication of ballads by unknown composers—well, printing is inexpensive, and if one song "catches on" it frequently more than covers the loss on the host of failures. However, it is not our business to explain all this, but to deal with the huge pile of new ballads sent us lately by the publishers. And first Messrs. Chappell. Among their publications is a piece entitled "Speak but one Word," by Frank Lambert, in which we notice two rather inexcusable misprints, both in the vocal score. In one place we get a bar of two-four time consisting of a crotchet and three quavers, and, in another, a natural is omitted from before a note, which, to make matters worse, immediately follows the key signature. An extremely awkward and ineffective interval is given to the vocalist towards the conclusion of the song, and the alternative note given in place of the last appears rather ridiculous. The song itself has no special beauty to recommend it, as it consists of little else but notes of the common chord. We were afraid as the commencement of Frank L. Moir's song, "The Song-birds have come," caught our eye that we had not quite done with the preceding ballad, for the first bar of "The Song-birds" bears a striking resemblance to the first two bars of Frank Lambert's composition. However, we were delighted to find the resemblance went no farther, the latter song being a rather pleasing piece. "The Blind Girl's Song," by Arthur Hervey, is built upon a pretty strain that strikes us as rather familiar but which, nevertheless, suits the words admirably. One of the best ballads we have come across lately is Samuel Liddle's "A Little Longer," which shows its author to possess ability above the ordinary ballad-monger. The setting of some words taken from Christina Rossetti, called "My Heart," by Lita Jarratt, is much too elaborate. Alicia Adélaïde Needham has written the music for "My Heart's Treasure" and "Nora McCarty." They are widely different in every respect, except that they are both intended as Irish songs. In the former, the composer suggests that "If considered too long, the part between asterisks may be omitted," and we advise all who sing this song to keep this hint in mind. With regard to the other, however, we can recommend it to all who can say with the Irishman:—

"Sure we'll be rolling in wealth
If we haven't the sight of a shillin'."

A. L. has also composed two songs, "Ellen Bawn" and "The Birk of Endermey." The first makes a pretty song and is really worthy of a better poem. The second is in the form of a Pastoral, and is a dainty composition, though we would suggest the omission of the optional cadenza, as it is far from being so good as the ordinary ending. A song having a nice melody is "Love is a Bird," by Teresa del Riego, but "Leave me not," by Tito Mattei, although an agreeable composition, does not possess any striking individuality. "Before Dawn," by Noel Johnson, is very melodious, but there is nothing original in "The Young Green" and "Sea Breezes," by Franco Leoni, to recommend them to a singing public—not even the humming at the end of the latter song.

Amongst the batch of songs received from Mr. Edwin Ashdown, Graham Valmore offers us nothing very striking in his "Be mine own again," "Two Roses" and "Elna." "Love in a Cottage," by F. Reinhold Müller, is apparently intended for the benefit of the uninitiated. H. Sylvester Krouse's "Sweet Cosette" should be brought to the notice of Karl Kaps or H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, as no doubt either of these composers would be delighted with such an opportunity for obtaining material for a "popular polka." "A Slumber Song," by Tito Mattei, is pleasing in some parts, but there are other parts in which not even "damnable iteration" of "'tis sweet, 'tis sweet" can induce us to believe that it is. It is only by the use of peculiar intervals in "Oh! for a Breath of Spring," that Alice Borton has saved her composition from becoming obviously commonplace. We think Mr. Boyton Smith should have used the music of "The Angel's Message" for a church service, and the rhythm of E. Dora Caddell's composition would have been more suitable for anything but "A Perfect Dream." "Green and Gold," by Allen T. Russell, is passable.

Messrs. W. Morley & Co. send us four compositions by Bryceson Trebarne, three by Edward St. Quentin, and one by Frank L. Moir. Those by the first gentleman, "Missie," "Sailing to Dreamland," "Across the foaming Sea" and "The Heavenly Dream," are exceedingly pretty, although now and again one notices phrases that one seems to have heard before. For the children's chorus of "The Temple of Peace," Mr. St. Quentin has got exactly the right thing; in "The Land we love" he has given us a very pleasing melody, and his "Adam and Eve," the words of which are written on similar

lines to an old nursery rhyme at present used to advertise some one's condensed milk, is also very agreeable. We cannot say that the title of Frank L. Moir's song, "We must not part," entirely expresses our feelings with regard to the composition.

Amongst Messrs. Boosey & Co.'s new publications, we notice two Irish songs called "The Cuckoo Madrigal" and "Over Here," arranged by Charles Wood. Both are pleasing little pieces, and the latter is very amusing. Two songs of ordinary beauty are "Little Blue Pigeon," by Alicia Adélaïde Needham, and "A Sailor loved a Lass," the melody of which is arranged by H. Lane Wilson.

A few new songs have been sent by Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co., including Battison Haynes' "At Even," which contains some pleasing passages, and "Fergus Maclean," by Joseph L. Roeckel, is plaintive and clever enough in technique. "Three Spring Songs," by Edward German, are most agreeable, and we would recommend them to all singers. "Barney O'Brien," by Michael Sullivan, is the song of the usual Irish drummer boy, and F. E. Gambogi's "I Dream of thee," is too "original" to be pleasing, while "My Prayer for you," by Milligan Fox, is gaily written.

Of Messrs. Patey and Willis's new publications, Annie W. Patterson has written a nice little song, called "The Skies of Erin," and "A Sailor's Song," by Frank Travers, is a rollicking "song of the sea." "The Path that leads to you," by Edith Cooke, is also a pleasing composition.

"Across the Sea," by P. K. de Villiers, and "Springtime" and "The Maid and the Elf," by Kate Willis, complete the batch sent us by Messrs. Weekes & Co. "Across the Sea" has a delightful refrain; through "Springtime" we are unable to follow the composer at all, but in "The Maid and the Elf" she appears to be working on the lines of the old song-writers with but poor results.

Three songs have been sent us by Messrs. G. Ricordi & Co., consisting of Frank Lambert's "L'Allée d'Amour," with French and English words, which is an agreeable piece, as is also F. Paolo Tosti's "Who Knows?"; but "The Night has a thousand eyes," by Walter Head, is worthy of a singer's attention.

AN IDLE BOOK.

"Over the Alps on a Bicycle." By Mrs. Pennell. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. London: Fisher Unwin.

In this little book, inscribed to the Alpine Club as showing climbers a more excellent way, Mrs. Pennell relates how she surmounted ten Alpine passes on her bicycle, and Mr. Pennell illustrates the daring venture with some drawings that reveal the fearsome prospects and perils of the way. The artist's "zig-zags," indeed, are like to give the emulative cyclist more pause than the stone-bestrewn roads which Mrs. Pennell so dexterously navigated. It is a light-hearted narrative, marred only by gratuitous gibes at the harmless tourist. Where, indeed, should the tourist who foots it be but in the middle of the road at a giddy height when a lady comes coasting down upon him? If he is deaf, it is the fault of the "sounding cataract," or the sudden violence of the gusty wind.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE" opens with some unpublished letters from Southeby to his friend, John May. Mr. Baumer Williams' little collection covers a period of forty years, and is very varied in suggestions of the man that Southeby was. Mr. Andrew Lang describes with a certain gentleness that seems due to a man who has been so long and so well despised, the part that Murray of Broughton played in the affairs of the Pretender. An anonymous writer is at some pains (interesting pains) to advocate the truth of Smollett's naval characters, and another writes in gallant appreciation of "Don Quixote" and Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly's edition of the first text.

The most charming contribution to a good number of "Macmillan's" is Mr. H. C. Macdowell's sketch of Michelet, his character and his work. Mr. Maurice Hewlett tells prettily of Professor Cino's fiery adoration of Selvaggia the romp, and the ignominious dismay of that untiring worshipper, the Sonnettaire, when the girl, pitying her so constant lover for a hurt done him by her brothers, confessed her love for him. Major Mockler-Ferryman explains for us the mutiny of the Sudanese soldiers in Uganda.

Mr. A. J. Butler, in the "Cornhill," makes splendid copy of the retreat from Moscow as described by a sergeant in the Imperial Guard, a certain Bourgogne, whose manuscript has lately been discovered and published in France. One naturally expects an impressive story, but expectation is outdone by the amazing scenes Mr. Butler has extracted from the sergeant's writings. "A Voice from the Country" is an entertaining confession from one who combined the professions of farming and literature, in order to be "perfectly safe." The article at least goes to prove that such an adventurer can make something—as an author, be it understood—out of fruit-farming.

There are, as ever, some readable biographical sketches in "Temple Bar."

Mr. Kenneth Grahame has left us a long time without a fresh "Golden Age Story," but it was worth waiting for, the "Saga of the Seas," which he contributes to "Scribner's." Here is the history of an adventurous voyage in which the adventures vary

with a swiftness we had forgotten until Mr. Grahame reminded us of it. The story is told in that spirit—the grown man fingering the child's life, yet not so much as to lay a destroying touch on the reality of it—with that rare combination of the old and the childish which made its predecessors so piquant. There are illustrated notes by Mr. Richard Harding Davis and others dealing with the war.

Cuba, Manila, Porto Rico, and the war also occupy the bulk of the "Century." The battle of Manila Bay is described with especial fulness by three different eye-witnesses.

Mr. Stephen Bonsal speaks well of the Siberian convict system in "Harper's," and Mr. Smalley begins his appreciation of Mr. Gladstone.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is published every Saturday morning, but a Foreign Edition is issued in time for the Indian and Colonial mails every Friday afternoon. Advertisements for this First Edition cannot be received later than Thursday night, but for the regular issue they can be taken up to 4 p.m. on Fridays. ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

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(For This Week's Books see page 220.)

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TWELVE HOURS FROM LONDON.—Summer Season. Casino, Theatre, and Concerts. Racing, Pigeon Shooting, Regattas, Lawn Tennis, Cycling, and Bataille des Fleus. Finest Baths in Europe. Sure cure for Anæmia and Weakness. Hotels and Villas at moderate prices. For details apply to JULES CREHAY, Secretary, Casino, Spa.

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Admittedly the most Fashionable in London.

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GIVEN AWAY.—A high-grade New Hudson Gent's Cycle, fitted with IXION TYRES, for the best two or four lines of verse on the Ixion Tyre. Lady's Cycle also given for lady competitor's only. Five consolation prizes given in each competition. For further details of competition and "All about Ixion Tyres," sent free. Competition verses must be sent in before 31 July, with this advertisement attached, and must be marked "Competition" on envelope. THE NEW IXION TYRE & CYCLE CO., Ltd., 144 Holborn, London.

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LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES, NAPLES, SUZZI, and COLOMBO.

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By their Steamship "LUSITANIA," 3912 tons register, from London, as under:

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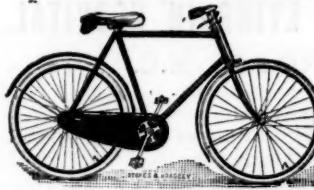
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The Best Position in London.

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48s. PER DOZEN.
CARRIAGE PAID.

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"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
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FASHIONABLE DRESS for THE SEASON.

THE BEST MATERIALS.

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35 PER CENT. under West-end Prices.

"I have never had such value as you give" (*Testimonial*).

C. M. GULLIVER,
FROM POOLE'S,

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MEDOC—VIN ORDINAIRE.

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Bots. 4-Bots.

Pure BORDEAUX, an excellent light Dinner Wine. The quality of this wine will be found equal to wine usually sold at much higher prices.

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SUPERIOR DINNER WINE old in bottle. On comparison it will be found very superior to wine usually sold at higher prices. The appreciation this wine meets with from the constantly increasing number of customers it procures us in London and the Provinces, gives us additional confidence in submitting it to those who like pure Bordeaux wine.

3 Dozen Bottles or 6 Dozen Pints Delivered Carriage Paid to any Railway Station, including Cases and Bottles.

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Paid-up Capital £1,000,000.
Reserve Fund £800,000.

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business with the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange Free State, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application. J. CHUMLEY, London Manager.

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CITY ROAD, E.C.**

FOUNDED 1835.

The only entirely Free special Hospital devoted to the treatment of these painful and distressing diseases.

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Funds are greatly needed to maintain seven Homes, with Lock Hospital and the Maternity work.

17,300 Young Women and Girls have been trained and passed through the Homes.

Contributions may be sent to the Bankers, BARCLAY & Co., 54 Lombard Street, or will be gratefully acknowledged if sent to the Secretary,

C. STUART THORPE,
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**FIELD LANE REFUGES,
&c.**

This old Charity is greatly in

NEED OF FUNDS.

The Committee earnestly appeal for Assistance.

President.

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Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

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CHURCH DEFENCE
AND CHURCH INSTRUCTION.**

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OBJECTS.—1. The necessary instruction of the people, in town and country, in all matters connected with the history of the Church.

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** Funds urgently needed to meet the applications for Lectures and Literature, and numerous demands which press heavily upon the Committee. Cheques should be drawn in favour of the Secretary.

Instituted 1750.

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THIS Hospital affords Medical and Surgical treatment to poor Married Women, both as In and Out-Patients, also for the Training of Midwives and Monthly Nurses.

Patients delivered last year, 2189; delivered in the Hospital since 1750, 80,150.

The Expenditure exceeds the income by over £500.

New Annual Subscriptions especially solicited.

R. A. OWTHWAITE, *Secretary.*

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**— THE —
EAST LONDON CHURCH FUND.
FOUNDED 1880.**

President: THE BISHOP OF STEPNEY.

Secretary: REV. G. N. WALSH, M.A.

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THIS Fund exists to maintain and extend Church Work in East and North London. Grants are at present made to support 170 Clergy and 139 Lay Agents, whose work is spread over an area containing more than 200 parishes, and a population of nearly 1,700,000.

MINIMUM ANNUAL INCOME REQUIRED, £20,000

Read the *East London Church Chronicle*, price 6d. a-year, post free; published quarterly at the Office of the E.L.C. Fund, and by Mr. Chas. Taylor, 23 Warwick Lane, London, E.C.

ROYAL ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM

BAGSHOT. (Founded 1864.)

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For Necessitous Boys and Girls from all parts of the United Kingdom.

**30 BEDS ARE VACANT
FOR WANT OF FUNDS.**

There is no canvassing for Votes. Help is urgently appealed for.

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Offices: 62 King William Street, E.C.

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LIMITED,**
JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.
CAPITAL - - - £120,000.

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London Secretary:

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE: CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.
LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE: 120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT

on the working operations of the Company for June, 1898, which shows a Total Profit of £20,679 16s. 1d.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works - - 16,824 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

To Mining Expenses	£10,301 2 8
" Drifting and Winzes	1,050 5 8
" Crushing and Sorting	693 13 0
" Transport	223 8 3
" Milling	2,479 18 11
" Cyanide	1,695 14 4
" Slimes	550 10 5
" General Charges	2,596 10 6
" Profit for Month	20,679 16 1d
	£40,271 0 8

REVENUE.

By Gold Accounts	£24,442 0 11
" 5,813 564 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	14,354 10 7
" 3,413 807 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Cy. Works	1,474 9 2
" 361 168 fine ozs. from 120 Stamp Slimes Works	
	£40,271 0 8

The Tonnage mined for month was 19,855 tons, cost	10,247 17 11
Drifts and Winzes Expenses	1,050 5 8
Add quantity taken from stock	19,855 tons
" 262 "	11,298 3 7
Less waste sorted out	53 4 9
	20,117 "
	11,351 8 4
	16,824 "
	£41,351 8 4

The declared output was 11,252 80 ozs. bullion = 9,588 649 ozs. fine gold.

And the total yield per ton of fine gold on the Milled Tonnage basis was - 11.398 dwts.

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month:-

4TH LEVEL	ft.
Driving on South Reef, East and West	20
7TH LEVEL	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	40
8TH LEVEL	
Driving on South Reef, East and West	110
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	78
9TH LEVEL	
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West	64
Sinking Winzes	7
	328

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 19,900 tons.

During the month 3,993 tons of waste rock were sorted out from the tonnage mined. The waste rock was of an average assay value of 14 grs. per ton. The rock sorted was equivalent to 16.369 per cent. of the total rock handled.

H. R. NETHERSOLE, *Secretary.*

Head Office, Johannesburg, July 7th, 1898.

TO THE HOLDERS OF THE FOLLOWING BONDS, STOCKS, & COUPONS.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY BONDS Loan of 1853 Extended to 1935 at Four per cent.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company 100-year Five per cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds of 1888.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Sterling Six per cent. Loan of 1872. Due March 1, 1902.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Sterling Six per cent. Loan of 1874. Due May 1, 1910.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Six per cent. Loan of 1879. Due April 1, 1919 (Account Parkersburg Branch Railroad Company).
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Five per cent. Bonds, Loan of 1885 (Account Pittsburgh and Connellsburg Railroad Company).
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Four and One-half per cent. Terminal Mortgage Bonds of 1894.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Sterling Four and One-half per cent. Loan of 1883, Philadelphia Branch.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Sterling Five per cent. Loan of 1877. Due June 1, 1927 (Account Baltimore and Ohio and Chicago Railroad Company).
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company First Preferred Stock.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Second Preferred Stock.
Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company Common Stock.
Pittsburgh and Connellsburg Railroad Company First Mortgage Bonds, extended to 1946 at Four per cent.
Pittsburgh and Connellsburg Railroad Company First Mortgage Seven per cent. Bonds, due July 1, 1898.
Pittsburgh and Connellsburg Railroad Company Six per cent. Consolidated Mortgage Bonds.
Akron and Chicago Junction Railroad Company First Mortgage Five per cent. Bonds.
Akron and Chicago Junction Railroad Company Preferred Stock.
Washington City and Point Lookout Railroad Company Six per cent. Bonds.

BONANZA, LIMITED.

MANAGER'S REPORT for the Month of June, 1898.

MINE.

Number of feet driven, risen, and sunk, exclusive of stopes ... 409 feet.
Ore and waste mined ... 7107 tons
Less waste sorted out ... 1929 "

Balance milled ... 5185 tons.

MILL.

Stamps ... 28 days, 18 hrs., 24 mins.
Tons milled ... 5185 tons
Smelted gold bullion ... 3532 ozs. 7 dwts.
Equivalent in fine gold ... 4761 " 17 "

SANDS AND SLIMES WORKS.

Yield in bullion ... 2453 ozs. 12 dwts.
Equivalent in fine gold ... 2085 " 18 "

TOTAL YIELD.

Yield in fine gold from all sources ... 6847 ozs. 15 dwts.
" " " per ton milled ... 2643 "

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

On a basis of 5185 Tons Milled.

Mining	£3,144 4 8
Crushing and Sorting	507 0 6
Milling	1,902 7 10
Cyaniding Sands	1,054 3 4
Do. Slimes	497 4 4
H. O. Expenses	213 11 10

Development Redemption	£6,618 12 6
Profit for Month	1,620 6 3

By MILL GOLD:	£19,999 15 5
By CYANIDE GOLD:	8,760 15 7

	£28,760 11 0
--	--------------

CAPITAL EXPENDITURE.

The Capital Expenditure for the Month of June is as follows:

Development	£2,887 3 2
Main Shaft	40.18 11
Buildings	20.0 0
Mechanical Haulage	253 0 2
New Hauling Engine	407 11 9

£3,668 14 0

GEO. D. STONESTREET, *Acting Manager.*

THE FERREIRA GOLD MINING CO., Ltd.

DIVIDEND NO. 15.

DIVIDEND ON SHARES TO BEARER.

HOLDERS OF SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER are informed that they will receive payment on or after Saturday, the 23 July, of DIVIDEND NO. 15 (30s. per share) on PRESENTATION OF COUPON NO. 8 either at the London Office of the Company, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., or at the Head Office in Johannesburg.

Coupons must be left FOUR CLEAR DAYS for examination at either of the Offices mentioned above, and may be presented any day (Saturday excepted) between the hours of ELEVEN and TWO. Listing forms may be had on application.

By order,

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*

London Office: 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

13 JULY, 1898.

Unpaid Coupons and Claims for Interest on Registered Bonds matured prior to July 1, 1898, appertaining to any of the above-named Bonds, except those of the Washington City and Point Lookout Railroad Company.

Over 934 per cent. of the above-named outstanding Bonds, and over 73 per cent. of the above-named Stocks, having been deposited under the Plan and Agreement for the Reorganization of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company dated June 22, 1898, the undersigned hereby give notice that the said Plan IS DECLARED OPERATIVE.

The time for further deposits of the above-named Bonds and Stocks, without additional charge, has been EXTENDED to and including AUGUST 20, 1898, after which date (but only for such time as the Managers may fix by notice) deposits of said Bonds and Stocks will be accepted only upon a cash payment of 2 per cent. of the par value of Bonds, and an additional cash payment of 8s per Share of Stock deposited.

Unpaid Coupons and Claims for Interest on Registered Bonds matured prior to July 1, 1898, must be deposited on or before August 20, 1898. After that date deposits of such Coupons or Claims for Interest will be accepted, if at all, only upon such terms as the undersigned may impose.

SPEYER BROTHERS,

SPEYER & CO.,

KUHN, LOEB & CO.,

Reorganization Managers.

LONDON AND NEW YORK,

August 3, 1898.